

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *Joe Mitchell Crapple*

JULY 1905



Jefferson writing the Declaration of Independence
THE HEART-THROB OF A NATION



Baby is happy when he gets Pears' because the soap is so gratifyingly refreshing.



Pears produces that matchless complexion which has made it famous.



Pears' leaves the skin smooth, cool, comfortable. Pears invented the shaving stick.



The comfort of old age,—Pears' Soap keeps the skin fair and the face young.

For over a hundred years the wisdom combined in PEARS' SOAP has enabled it to maintain its supremacy in the face of world-wide competition.

It beautifies the complexion, keeps the hands white and fair and imparts a constant bloom of freshness to the skin.

As it is the best and lasts longest, it is the cheapest; when worn to the thinness of a wafer, moisten and stick the worn piece on the new cake. Never a particle is lost.

So long as fair, white hands, a bright, clear complexion and a soft, healthful skin add beauty and attractiveness, so long will PEARS' SOAP hold first place in the good opinion of men and women.

Of all Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.

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A "SAILOMOBILE," INVENTED BY MASTER FRANK MULFORD, SHILOH, NEW JERSEY
Photograph by Cora June Sheppard



MY DEAR RAG DOLL: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MRS. LEIGH GROSS
DAY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ALMOST ironical it seems that the Fourth of July should be about the dullest day of the year at the nation's capital. There is little to suggest that it is the anniversary of a nation's birthday. Nearly all the public officials and clerks that can possibly leave the city are away for a holiday. The embassies

are closed and furniture canvas, covered. A few firecrackers may explode; there may be fireworks and perhaps a baseball game, but the Fourth of July is a dreary day at the capital of the nation. The parks were never more beautiful or inviting. There is an air of restfulness about it which no city in the country



A RECEPTION ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN, THE MARINE BAND ON THE LEFT
From stereograph, copyright 1903, by Underwood & Underwood



MR. LEO VOEGEL, THE NEW MINISTER
FROM SWITZERLAND

Photograph by Olindeinet

furnishes. It could be well utilized as a retreat from the distracting hum and buzz of every day activities. Even the apprehension of a special session of congress does not occasion a rustle of interest. The congressmen, headed by Uncle Joe Cannon, naturally object to having the extra session called in October prior to the Fall elections, and senators have no consuming desire to hurry to work before the real necessities require it. It is plain for one within range of the busy activities of the executive office to observe that President Roosevelt is anxious to have the extra session as early as possible to care for the work on his calendar. Refreshed and invigorated from his western trip, the undertaking at the executive office seems to start in at gatling gun rate, and there will be several "extra editions" in the way of special messages forthcoming.

Hot weather may have something to do with the ruffled tempers at cabinet meetings and give some credence for a discussion as to changes in the cabinet positions, but when you come to see the situation face to face it is difficult for an outsider to discover anything there other than a genial and jovial demonstration of unanimity. It is difficult

to discern where the party lines divide public men at this time, to say nothing of the subdivisions within the ranks. The really significant phases are speeches made and actions outside the national capital. Everything seems to jog along in an easy-going sort of way. There was just a suspicion of languor in the faces of the cabinet members who attended the June meetings that suggested the longing of the boys and girls for the early approach of the last day of school, for however much a man may love to work, there are few that have not an equal zest for the play time. Cabinet sessions are now a sort of sub-committee meetings—each cabinet officer taking up the particular troubles and problems of his own department with the president, instead of convoking the concentrated wisdom of the nine.

3

JUST as I was getting ready for our July Washington letter I tried, like the fabled chicken, to "cross the road." It was simply a slight turn of the ankle—you can guess the rest. In the following days I had more time than I have ever enjoyed at one "sitting," in the old rocking chair. With the sprained ankle on a soft pillow, I had time to reflect. How it did throb! Not exactly Heart Throbs, but ankle throbs. These little unforeseen accidents sometimes have their use, for as I sat successive hours in the old rocking chair, I had time to run over the horizon for a good talk. This accident impressed me more than ever how grateful one should be for good health—and good ankles. Even the excruciating pain was endurable by way of contrast. It also emphasized the fact that there is no place like home to find the best trained nurses.

After a few hours in the old rocking chair with its dear old customary creak, my thoughts went out to millions of children in America hoping and wishing that they may have a jolly good time



THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMITTEE OF THE SENATE, WHICH HAS BEEN CONDUCTING HEARINGS ON THE RAILWAY RATE QUESTION SINCE CONGRESS ADJOURNED.—SENATOR ELKINS IS AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE.—ON HIS RIGHT ARE SENATORS CULLOM, KEAN AND CARMACK; ON HIS LEFT, SECRETARY LIVINGSTONE AND SENATORS CLAPP, DOLLIVER, FORAKER AND NEWLANDS.—THE ABSENT COMMITTEEN ARE SENATORS ALDRICH, MILLARD, TILLMAN AND FOSTER

Photograph by the National Press Association



MISS DURAND, DAUGHTER OF THE
BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR MORTIMER DURAND

Photograph by Glinedinst

on the Fourth of July; that it may be to all of them such a day of sweet memories as it is to me as I look back on the dear old days gone by.

Can you ever forget the Fourth of July celebration! At early dawn the small boy is awake to begin on that first bunch of red firecrackers, even before the sunrise salute at the blacksmith's shop, where two anvils were thrust apart by a charge of giant powder. The tiny brass cannon is brought forth and anxious mothers await "the returns" to know that their sons were not too near the "gun that was loaded." Too excited for breakfast that morning was the boy, for that box of torpedoes must be shot off. Snap! Snap! Snap! they go on the sidewalk. Hardly had the sun appeared over the poplars before there was music by "our own" band at the railway station, greeting visitors with selections that drowned the puffing of the engine. The fireman with his red

jacket and fisherman's helmet was as pompous as you please. From every direction along the yellow clay-dust roads came the wagons with the happy families. Arrayed in white with ribbons streaming were the girls, and boys in "store clothes," with baskets filled with pickles, pies and fried chicken—the dainties of the season. On the corners the lemonade stands go up as if by magic. "Five a glass! Five a glass!" comes from every side. The temporary signs have lemonade spelled in various ways. The "feller" whose home is located near the center of the village has a "stand" and is very important,—doing a lively business. Best of all, the "merry-go-rounds" have started and the music oozes and groans forth as the old blind horse goes round the ring.

The small boy is puzzled as he stands there hugging close his small change and debating whether to ride one of the fiery circling steeds and catch the gleaming ring for a second ride—free, or invest in another box of torpedoes. Popcorn of course—peanuts all day. At ten o'clock he begins to feel weary—this small boy—but the day is yet young when he is commissioned to take little sister and little brothers to "the grove."

The parade is ready to start. The dignified marshal is there with the star on his breast as large as a sunflower. There are the old soldiers; the two watchmen leading the line. In the carriage is the "speaker of the day" looking wisely to the right and to the left as he sits beside the other distinguished guests, to say nothing of the young lawyer who is to read in stentorian tones the Declaration of Independence. Up and down the line, on a freckled steed with a white nose, displaying an abundant array of sash, is the marshal of the day. First was the Silver Cornet band, with new uniforms, playing old "Big Four" quickstep (brand new) and throwing out after-beats in reckless profusion until the trombone solo came

along. Then came the old soldiers with fire and drum, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me", then the fire departments from neighboring towns bringing along good old "Black Hawk," the hand engine which had done robust pumping service so many years and carried the "broom." The hose team was there ready for a coupling contest. The rival baseball teams arrayed in new uniforms with red and blue stockings were the envy of the small boys.

Last and best of all, to the young people, was that great array of "Kali-thumpians" — the masked "noodles," representing every emotion of the human heart, every grimace known to the human face, which the boys and girls followed in high glee as clowns at a circus. They were astride steeds ranging from Allen's dashing four-year-old to Johnny Goodfellow's mules and Frisbie's yellow ox. Among these Kali-thumpians were staid business men out to renew their youth on this occasion.

Everyone seemed to be trying to enjoy himself and to see that everyone else enjoyed the day. The deserted school playground — for it was now vacation time — was given over to picnic parties, with teams hitched in the plum thicket. The snap, snap, snap of firecrackers and the ping, ping, ping of torpedoes resounded without cessation all day. I doubt if the enthusiasm reached such a pitch when old Liberty Bell swung in the rafters in old Philadelphia in '76. On this day every home unfurled the Stars and Stripes, and even "Old Granny," the village witch, had left her turkeys long enough to put up a flag along with the green emblem of "ould Ireland." In the grove near the old lime kiln the speaker's stand was erected. About it were clustered benches made of planks. There was something exhilarating in that scene as I recall it. The day was a trifle warm and the sunlight streamed down through the trees, while the movement of the fans

never ceased. The "president of the day" mounted the platform, and then came the song of "Hail Columbia." No one has ever pitched it low enough to sing clear through, so the high parts were skipped. Another "selection by the band" was announced when an awkward wait in the exercises occurred. There were girls dressed in white, with red, white and pink ribbons in their hair combed straight back. Could you ever forget those happy faces of classmates and schoolmates! How those who are grown up are scattered today! Proudly the teacher looked upon them as they sang "their piece" — some timid, some fearless — but altogether.

The Declaration of Independence was read — and every boy followed the immortal lines, "When in the course of human events,—" That reading was the beginning of the career of a young lawyer long since upon the supreme court bench of his state. The oratory was punctuated by applause, for in the front seats were friends, thoughtful and



MR. EKI HIOKI, FIRST SECRETARY OF
THE JAPANESE LEGATION

Photograph by Clinclinst



SENATOR A. J. HOPKINS OF ILLINOIS AND SENATOR A. J. BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA

Photograph by Glinedinst

encouraging. True they were only farmers, horny-handed, but the real back bone and sinew of the nation today. How much the country owes to the unswerving integrity of the American farmer. Earnest and content with their lot although the remuneration is at times slight and often times hazardous, he rears a family and educates his children. He knows what is happening in the world, he knows who speaks in Congress and he knows the full course of "human events." All hail to the American farmer! And what shall we say of that sweet little woman at his side, whose life has been devoted to the family gathered about her. Now, the girls may ride in varnished carriages; but many and many was the time the little mother "went to town" in the wagon on the spring seat with babies snuggled asleep in the straw behind, over the bumping roads. And the devotion of these children, in school or grown up, makes her way easier than

it was in the earlier days when she never thought of being weary as long as there was anything to do. First up in the morning and the last to retire at night, —who can estimate the measureless uplifting influence of the lifetime of devotion which the American farmer's wife has given her home, her family and her country. What more appropriate time to appreciate it all than on the nation's natal day.

The oration may have been a trifle long, as indicated when the boys and girls grew restless. Those in the rear seats slipped away out of their places while the orator spoke with all the husky voice left him; but all out of doors is a large auditorium and his voice seemed to fade away in the whispering leaves of the old hickory overhead. The young boys were very glad when the exercises were over and great was the noise of the firecrackers when "America" had been sung and the ben-



SENOR DON GONZALO DE QUESADA, MINISTER FROM CUBA, AND HIS SECRETARIES

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

ediction pronounced by the village pastor.

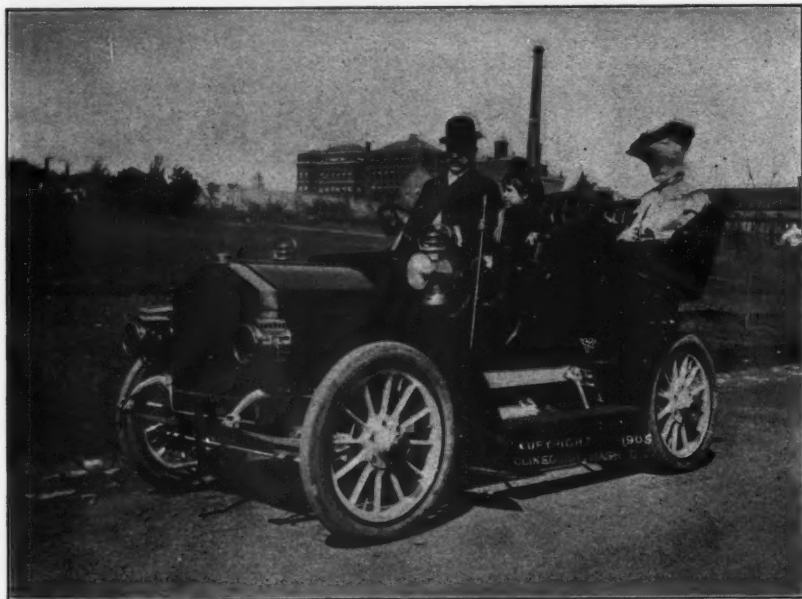
Then came dinner — sandwiches, pickles, pie, fried chicken, cakes — oh, such a dinner! It seemed as if we were never so hungry and things never tasted so good; and mother saw to it that everyone had something before she "took a bite."

In the afternoon the red stockings and the blue stockings met in a nine-inning combat on the baseball grounds in the pasture near by. It was in the days of "under-throwing," and the muscular farm boys sent the ball speeding along like a cannon shot. The game was exciting, but somehow through all the day there was that feeling of anticipation of something more to come; and how precious seemed the moments of the golden day slipping away. A sigh of regret was given when the torpedoes were exhausted and the firecrackers reduced to only broken "fizzers" and punks,

to say nothing of the burned fingers.

After the lull of supper the throngs gathered out in the vacant lot and watched the fireworks. There was always one man in the town who had been to the city and knew just how to fire off "them rockets." There were pin wheels first and they spun round and round and the audience was even more delighted when it stopped. There was a roaring buzz-z-z and up went the rocket amid a chorus of oh's and ah's — and the young couples in the front snuggled just a little closer.

The fireworks were too soon gone, and just when we were to receive the grand finale, the "Good Night" to be flashed in gleaming ribbons of fire in the heavens after the fire balloon had long since been lost from sight on its flight, there was a terrific explosion, and that was the last of our fireworks. With smeared face and hands the man who knew all about "them rockets" came out in the spooky



SENOR DON JOAQUIN BERNARDO CALVO, MINISTER FROM COSTA RICA, AND HIS FAMILY

Photograph by Olinedinat

darkness and announced that the "whole durned thing went up ahead of time," so the fiery "good night" which was to have greeted us was omitted, but cheerfully, merrily the throng left the green-sward, feeling that it had really been a great "Fourth."

Wandering home that night were many a weary lad and lassie. The horses were "hitched" and there was a chorus of "get ups" and "g'lang" on all sides, as the farmers went on their way with their families for miles and miles, some of them riding perhaps until early dawn. But what of that; they had enjoyed and their families had enjoyed the Fourth of July.

Good old fashioned Fourth of July! Things may have changed, but the same longings possess the American boy now as ever. The spirit of '76 prompts his martial spirit to have firecrackers, he must have his Fourth of July, for that

is the day on which father, uncles and grandfathers and all elders join with him in having "fun." It makes the pages of his school history brighter and it makes the lessons of life clearer to realize that upon the Fourth of July the immortal words of Thomas Jefferson are literally true—that "all men (and boys) are created free and equal, with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," which includes having "fun" and having the girls and women "come along" too. Blessings on these sweet and hallowed days of youth—blessings upon the dear old time and the sturdy, loving people, who join the boys and girls in an endless vista of cherished recollections.

IN his office on the second floor of his home on Massachusetts avenue, I had a pleasant chat with Vice President



SECRETARY PAUL MORTON, CRUISING WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY, REAR ADMIRAL WATSON AND CAPTAIN SWIFT

Fairbanks. He was busily engrossed in preparing addresses he had promised to make in various parts of the country, and was working on these matters with all the enthusiasm and earnestness of an undergraduate preparing a thesis. In a window cosy corner of his library the tall statesman from Indiana talks with visitors during a moment's relaxation from his work. Studious, always level headed and careful, there are few public men today whose judgement would be counted safer in the passing affairs of life than that of the vice president of the United States. He is just the man to inspire personal confidence in a professional way. Modest and unassuming, he seems to hold fast to the old fashioned but ever refreshing and reliable principles of honor and integrity and a calm way of looking at both sides of a question; and that home office has

seen some busy working hours since Senator Fairbanks came to Washington.

The vice president, acting for the president, went out to Portland, Oregon, and formally opened the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition on June 1.

REGARDLESS of the diversity of opinions concerning his views on railroad rates and rebates, there is no disputing the fact that when Mr. Paul Morton, secretary of the navy, retires from the cabinet, as it is said he will do soon, the administration will lose one of its ablest men. Secretary Morton's ideal in office is devotion to modern business methods. A chat with him on a delightful day in early Spring, with the windows open, showing the green verdure and flowers of the White House grounds, was

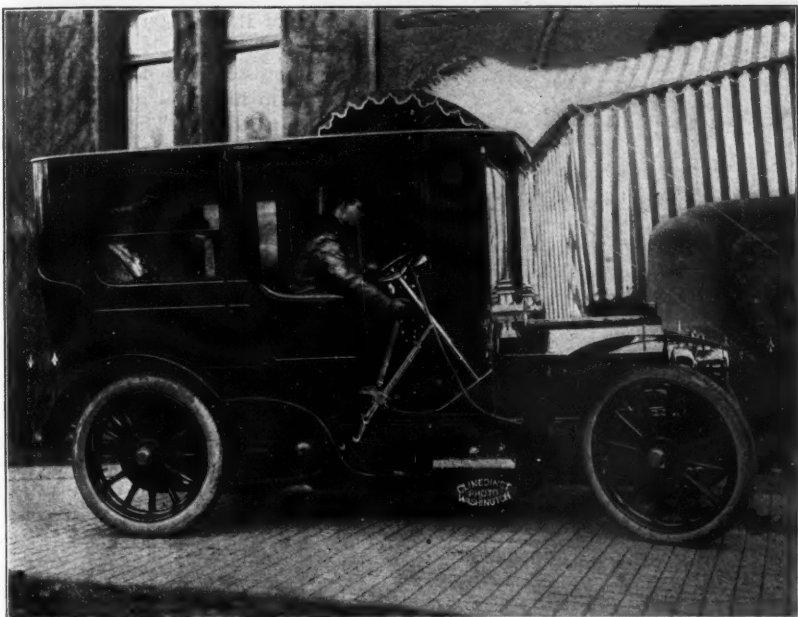


THE WHITE CAR, THE ONLY AUTOMOBILE IN THE INAUGURAL PARADE

a rare pleasure. For the time there was a relaxation from the perfect poise that shows the unusual power of the young cabinet officer. Standing over six feet, massive head, deep-set eyes, and with the manner and movement of an athlete, Secretary Morton swings out of the doors of his private office, scoops up a mass of correspondence and goes through it with an air of determination and decision that indicates executive training. He does not sit at a desk pressing buttons to bring people to him, but he goes after and fetches what he wants. A great deal of his personal correspondence is conducted in his own hand, and in this day of stenographers it is an unusual mark of courtesy when a busy man will take his pen in hand and write a personal note.

One of the first things Secretary Morton consummated was the consolidation of all the power plants in the several naval stations, a movement that effected

an immense saving in outlay. This spirit of economy was as distinctively manifested as in the operation of a large railroad system. He made a cruise "over the line" — to use a railway term — of over 4,000 miles in the West Indies, and the tour was made on schedule time, testing his prowess as a good sailor. The navy has been reorganized into fleets. The Atlantic and Pacific fleets are concentrated at certain points in squadrons, saving a great deal of unnecessary expense in desultory cruising. England has adopted this policy and has very few ships doing cruiser duty on this hemisphere, leaving that part to Uncle Sam, while our own navy reciprocates in the same way in European waters, without any official agreement on the subject. The Atlantic fleet is under the command of Rear Admiral "Bob" Evans and an effort is being made to make him vice admiral, as he is said to carry the "big stick" along the Atlantic sea coast



BARONESS VAN TUYLL VAN SEROOSKERKEN, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY AND CHARGE D'AFFAIRES, NETHERLANDS LEGATION

Photograph by Clinedinst

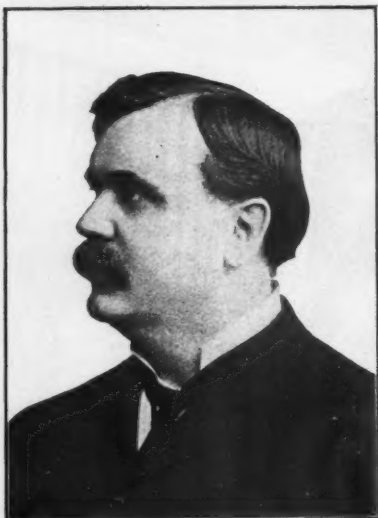
and has under his command a fleet of fifty formidable ships—a good sized navy in itself.

The navy department today is mainly industrial in its operation. The picturesque glamour of the poetic days of Paul Jones, with his fighting wooden frigates, is now data for historical novels. The manufacturing department of the navy involves an expenditure of over forty millions a year, and the value of having such a man as Secretary Morton at the head of the department can be realized. The pay roll calls for thirty millions, the power plants and machine equipment fourteen millions, and the total expense for one year involves an expenditure of one hundred millions.

Secretary Morton represents the modern American type of men who are fitted to control large affairs. With the world threaded with a plentiful array of cables,

naval operations of today are undergoing a great change. During two months past there has been a keen interest, almost amounting to suspense, in prospective naval engagements in the Orient. The operations of Togo and his fleet have surprised naval men. Admiral Dewey and Captain Swift in their quarters just across the way in the Mills building keep thoroughly informed and in touch with the bureau of navigation.

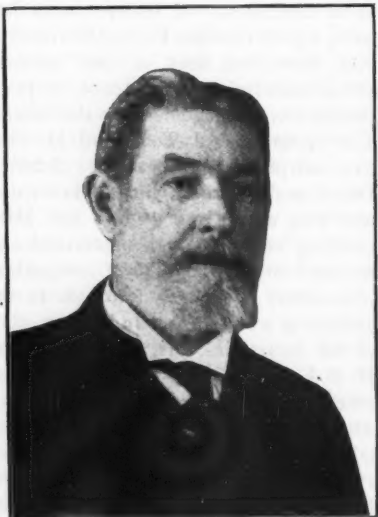
Secretary Morton is fortunate in the assistance which he has in his own office of his secretaries, Mr. Nordhouse and H. S. Gauss. Conspicuous in the outer office is the portrait of George Cabot, who was the first secretary of the navy, taking the portfolio in 1789. He was an ancestor of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. The portraits of the various secretaries about the room are an interesting study, a sort of



CHARLES E. MAGOON, GOVERNOR OF
THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE

panorama of history. This department is a place in which foreign visitors are always keenly interested.

There are many portraits of interest in



B. M. HARROD, MEMBER OF THE PAN-
AMA CANAL COMMISSION

the office of the assistant secretary of the navy. There is only one assistant, but the records of this office are not without important historical interest. Here hangs the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, who was the assistant secretary of the navy at the beginning of the Spanish-American war. There is also a picture of Mr. McAdoo, now police commissioner of New York; and as President Roosevelt was once police commissioner of New York, the assistant secretaryship seems to have a close connection with the Gotham police department.

Mr. Gauss, who has made a close study of the department, pointed out to me a picture of a man comparatively unknown, who played an important part in history. It was none other than Mr. G. V. Fox, who was assistant secretary of the navy during the Civil war. Mr. Gideon Wells was secretary of the navy at this time, but it was Mr. Fox who did most of the planning of successful naval operations. President Lincoln soon discovered the ability of the assistant secretary and quite often endorsed Mr. Fox's plans without consulting the secretary of the navy, a proceeding which ruffled the feathers of the secretary. It was Mr. Fox who made the arrangements and planned the movements of the Monitor when the attack was made upon the Merrimac and who kept in close touch with Admiral Farragut at Mobile and the operations at Vicksburg and New Orleans. His great success was emphasized in the confidence with which every order he issued was executed by the men on the ships. Notable for achievement against overwhelming obstacles, Mr. Fox was one of the great array of unknowns whose value to the Nation at important crises was hidden in the shadow of superior officials. But the measure of individual worth has a way of coming to the surface in some way when the historical equations are solved, and Gustave V. Fox will come to his own in due time.



Sincerely Yours,

Robert M. La Follette

GOVERNOR AND SENATOR-ELECT ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN, WHOSE GREAT ABILITY AND ENERGY WILL ENHANCE THE HIGH STANDING WHICH THE BADGER STATE NOW ENJOYS IN NATIONAL COUNCILS AS A RESULT OF THE EFFORTS OF SENATOR SPOONER, REPRESENTATIVES BABCOCK, ECSE AND OTHERS WHOSE NAMES ARE LINKED WITH IMPORTANT LEGISLATION OR PARTY LEADERSHIP

Photograph by Curtiss, Madison, Wisconsin



MRS. CLARENCE MOORE AT THE WASHINGTON HORSE SHOW

Photograph by Clinedinst

It is no longer the limelight of publicity. Now it is Cooper-Hewitt light in which portraits are taken of many distinguished people in Washing-

ton. Our group showing Vice President Fairbanks, Mr. George Westinghouse, Mr. Post, president of the International Railway Congress, and Mr.



MRS. WADSWORTH AT THE WASHINGTON HORSE SHOW

Photograph by Clinedinst



ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD (SEATED) ONE OF BRITAIN'S
FAMOUS NAVAL VETERANS, PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE AT THE RAILWAY CONGRESS
Photograph by Clinedinst

Brown reveals the wonderful possibilities of the new artificial light as an aid to photography. It was an unique experience for many of the distinguished guests to have their likenesses preserved for posterity by means of this wonderful

—the man who has done so much toward revolutionizing railway service the world over. A kindly looking man with gray side whiskers, gentle blue eyes and modest in appearance, Mr. George Westinghouse is one of the captains



SENATOR MURPHY J. FOSTER, MASTER OF LOUISIANA POLITICS

Photograph by Clinedinst

invention. Another group shows Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. George Westinghouse and others.

Few residents of Washington have a higher place in the regard of the people than the inventor of the air brake

of industry who has not only created great inventions but whose life and career is in every detail an inspiration to the young men of today.

The history of the Westinghouse Company, located at Westinghouse near

Pittsburg, is a record of one of the supreme triumphs of industrial achievement. Step by step, within less than a third of a century, this great business has been built up and developed. It was as late as 1869 that Mr. Westinghouse made his modest beginning, and

the successful transmission of power by compressed air in tunnel work, adopted this force to the brake, and overcame all obstacles. The use of air brakes is now so general in the United States that railroads not using the brakes on its freight cars cannot have them hauled by



SENATOR JAMES B. MCCREARY OF KENTUCKY

Photograph by Clinedinst

strange to say the air brake was the outgrowth of an improvement on the railroad frog, which Mr. Westinghouse had undertaken to manufacture. The original air brake utilized steam as the motive force; but Mr. Westinghouse, noticing

other lines. It has been a great life saver, too. Over two million railway cars and eighty-nine thousand locomotives are today equipped with quick action automatic brakes.

I recall that in the West some years



MESSRS. POST, WESTINGHOUSE, FAIRBANKS AND BROWN, PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER THE COOPER-HEWITT LIGHT IN THE WESTINGHOUSE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY EXHIBIT RECENTLY HELD AT WASHINGTON

Photograph by Clinedinst

ago the railroad men attended lessons and took instruction given in a car sent out by the Westinghouse people. That car has traveled over 85,000 miles



MRS. WESTINGHOUSE, MRS. FAIRBANKS AND A PARTY OF THEIR FRIENDS PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER THE COOPER-HEWITT LIGHT AT THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY EXHIBIT IN WASHINGTON

Photograph by Clinedinst

and over 200,000 railway employees effective details of air brake operation.
have there learned the simple but In talking with Mr. Westinghouse,

it was plain to see that the all absorbing proposition he is at work on now is the matter of electrical equipment for railroads, and in this respect the Westinghouse company has made great advancement.

The company has now a practically complete electric railroad outfitting

est was concentrated than that of the Westinghouse plant and Westinghouse products displayed in the operations of all the leading railroads of the country.

Mr. Westinghouse is fond of his automobile and enjoys his home in Washington, keeping in close personal touch with



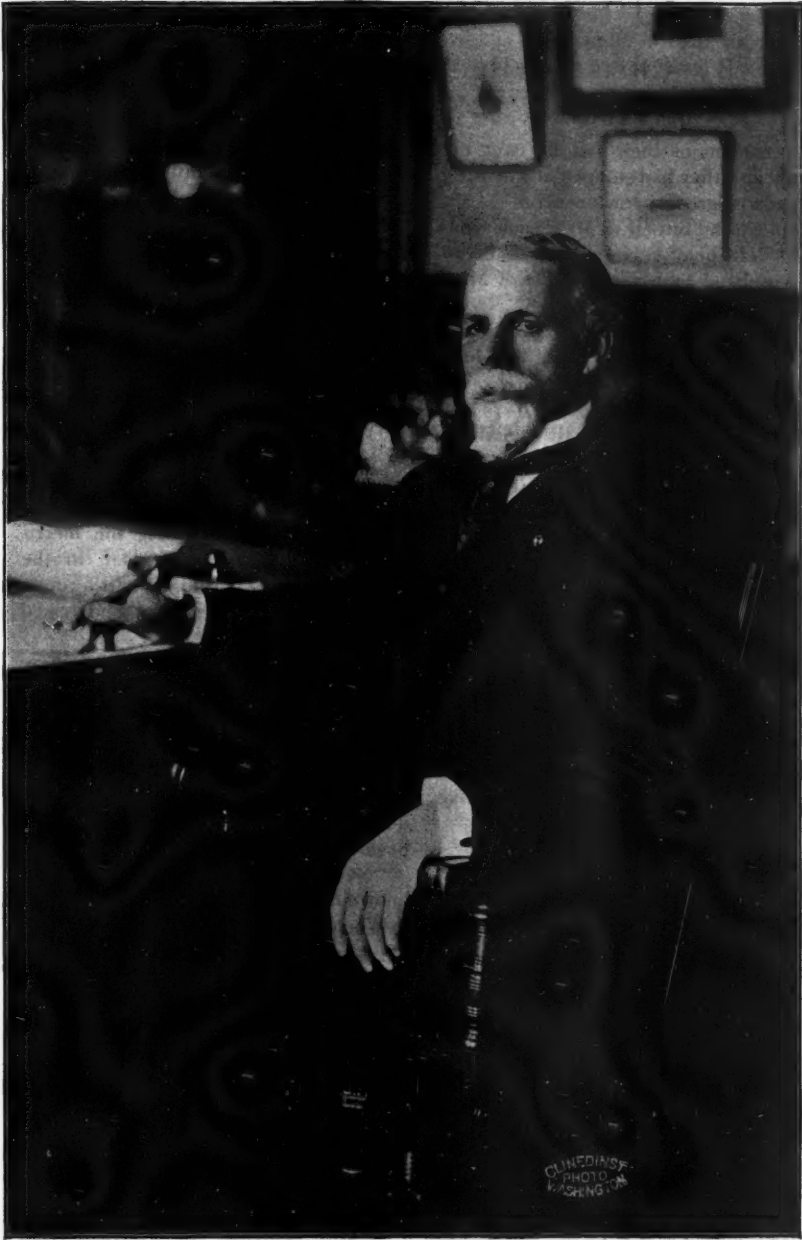
MRS. W. W. ROCKHILL, THE WIFE OF THE NEW MINISTER
FROM THE UNITED STATES TO CHINA

Photograph by Clinedinst

establishment, providing for the manufacture of rapid electric locomotives.

During the visit of the foreign delegates to the International Railway Congress, there was no exhibit that attracted more attention and in which more inter-

his gigantic business operations. As one of the Italian delegates remarked, "If there is one American captain of industry who deserves the epaulettes of highest rank, it is none other than Mr. George Westinghouse."



SENATOR RUSSELL A. ALGER OF MICHIGAN AT HIS DESK IN WASHINGTON

Photograph by Clinehins

\$30,000,000 IN SIGHT

By Christobelle Van Asmus Bunting

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

IT was noon of their first day over the trail and they had stopped at this little crossroads' grocery for luncheon.

Nan Clarke turned to Mrs. Dick Kendall. Nan held a large slice of bread in one hand and a small pot of MacLaren's in the other.

"Mrs. 'Dick,'" she said excitedly, "do you think he would stand for me?"

Peggie followed Nan's eyes to the porch of the grocery.

There he stood perfectly oblivious, looking away across the plateau.

"Oh, I should like to paint him!"

Nan went on. "Those orange colored goat's wool chaps and that picturesque sombrero! How handsome he is, anyway! He's so tall and dark looking. Fine nose, strong jaw—a wonderful jaw—and such deep-set eyes. Do you think he would stand while I sketch him?"

Peggie laughed.

"I don't see why not," she answered.

"It would likely be a novel experience to him. They don't see many girls like you away out here."

"Shall I ask him?"

"Yes."

Nan went toward him. He saw her coming and she thought he seemed embarrassed.

"It's a very pretty country," Nan said apologetically.

"Yes," and he offered her a chair.

"Won't you sit down?" he said.

"Thank you, we're going on presently. We're on our way to some placers on the South Boise, over in the Saw Tooth range."

"You've some rough riding ahead of you; are you used to it?"

"It's my first trip to the mountains, but I am sure I shall enjoy it."

Some miners standing at one side

laughed knowingly. He looked at them and they stopped instantly.

Nan smiled good naturedly.

"I suppose," she continued, "that I shall get tired."

There was silence a moment, then Nan questioned hesitatingly:

"I came over here to ask you if you minded standing while I sketch you?"

The men on the barrels snickered again.

"You know we don't see men dressed as you are, in the East—and I'd like so much to sketch you for my friends and all."

There was no concealing the merriment from behind. The man in the orange chaps colored to his hair's roots. Nan was almost sorry she had asked him.

"No, I don't mind," he said; "where shall I stand?"

"It's very kind of you. Right where you are, if you please," and Nan went away a little and began at once.

"I'm so afraid he'll go before I'm done," she said as Dick came and stood beside her.

"Never fear," Dick answered; "it's an event to him."

When Nan had completed the sketch of the man in the orange chaps she asked Dick what she could give him for his trouble.

"I hate to offer him money."

"Buy him a cigar," Dick suggested.

"Come with me," and they walked together toward the grocery.

"Wait a minute," Nan said to her model as they came by him.

Dick helped her select two twenty-five-cent cigars.

"Do you reckon," she asked, as they turned to go outside again, "that he will know these are right good cigars? Do

you reckon he will know I paid a quarter apiece for them? I should hate to have him think they were only five-cent ones."

"You might tell him," Dick said teasingly.

"No, really?"

"Oh, I think he will tumble before he has finished them," Dick reassured her.

When they were on their way again, Peggie said to Dick in Nan's hearing:

"I think we should have blindfolded Nan on this trip. She's going to marry a millionaire, you know—and these picturesque cowboys are dangerous."

"Nan's too artistic," Dick returned.

"Don't bother about me," Nan protested. "If I married every man I'm foolish over, I should have been wedded a thousand times already. But wasn't he good looking?"

Peggie and Dick laughed.

"I might have offered him a job on the placers, if I'd thought," Dick added jocularly.

"Why didn't you?" Nan returned dejectedly, "and to think I may never see him again!"

"Poor child!" said Peggie, as she started her pony into a canter.

That night when they came into the little plateau town of Soldier there was a tired family. Peggie's youngest boy fell asleep at table and Nan declared she could not walk up stairs. No one noticed the hard beds and the coarse blankets.

"Are these people Mormons?" Peggie asked of Dick as she looked at the family portraits on the wall of their room.

"I don't know. I suppose they are. Nearly everyone is around here."

"Why didn't you tell me that a fresh butchered beef is as tough as shoe leather?" asked Peggie reproachfully. "I had an idea when that man came in all gory and with such a burst of enthusiasm that we were to have a feast of a dinner."

"I didn't know it either," Dick said sadly. "I thought it must be a great delicacy, and I was so hungry, too."

Peggie looked sympathetic.

"One must thrive on air and sleep out here," she said, smiling.

II

In the morning Dick "rounded up" about nine idlers from the saloon and the combined postoffice, drug store and grocery and engaged them to work on the placers.

Dick had never seen the placers. They had been a part of the estate left him by his uncle and Dick had employed a man at a salary of one hundred a month, for the last eighteen months, to mount guard over them. Before, he had not thought it necessary to keep a man on the place, but many urgent letters of application and advice had convinced him that the gold which was there in such profusion would be carried away by individual panners if not guarded. So Dick had put up the wherewithal for a cabin on the ground and had installed, by letter, a most capable and honest man—so references showed—to remain on the place and protect his interests. Dick received the most glowing letters from time to time as to the wonderful value of his placers, and just a month before, he received a small vial filled with nuggets, which Dick's trusty had gathered from the surface "not ten feet from the cabin"—as easily as one might gather pebbles. This same man had engaged an engineer to examine the property and his report in turn had been alluring. It had stated, among other things, that there were "thirty millions in sight."

It was all quite satisfying and convincing.

Dick and Peggie had planned to spend the Summer in Holland, but this report and the vial of nuggets had completely turned their heads, and they decided quite abruptly to come West instead.

The boys were delighted, and Mrs. Smith' niece, Nan Clarke, was "simply foolish about going West," so Peggie persuaded Mrs. Smith to let her come along.

It was Dick's idea to sink a couple of shafts to bedrock and determine the depth. There were several expert panners in the party, and he would see how many "colors" ran to the pan. Probably from ten to a hundred or more, as the surface made such a good showing. Then he would arrange for a dredge by interesting big capital—and the future was assured.

"I'm glad we are interested in placers instead of galena or gold quartz," Peggie said to Dick as they rode along that morning.

Peggie, with her usual cleverness, had picked up a good deal about mines the three days they were at Hailey, before starting over the trail.

"Why?" asked Dick.

"Oh, deep mining is so dangerous. Think of those men down ten hundred feet in the 'Minnie Moore' mine. Suppose the pumps should fail—or the cable break."

"Those things are pretty well provided against."

"I know," said Peggie, "but it's very risky."

At noon they lunched on the top of the divide and Nan affirmed that it was "the very best luncheon" she had ever eaten.

"Oh, look!" shrieked Peggie when they had nearly finished.

They all jumped to their feet simultaneously.

There, covering their own tracks, came a bear with two cubs.

Dick grabbed his gun, but one of the men restrained him.

"She won't hurt us. That mammy bear is almost civilized. Some of the packers feed her nearly every day, but I've never seen the cubs but once before.

She keeps 'em hid out in the bushes. Let's see what they'll do."

Dick's family drew about him as Mrs. Bear and her children approached hesitatingly, but seeing that her new acquaintance did not mean to harm her, and smelling the alfalfa honey, she grew bolder and continued toward them. About a hundred feet off she motioned her cubs to sit down, which they did without dispute. Then she sauntered slowly on toward Dick's party. One of the men threw her some bread. She picked it up and carried it to the cubs and then came back for more. Dick's family looked on in breathless amazement at first, but after a little the boys tried to persuade the bear children to come nearer. The cubs rose to their feet with one accord and advanced, but the old bear, seeing them, went back to them and boxed each of her children over the ear. They gave a cry most human and went back and sat down.

Every one laughed in chorus.

"It's the drollest thing imaginable."

Peggie said hysterically.

Nan had gotten a very good sketch.

"I suppose," she said, "when we tell our bear story at home, even this won't be proof enough."

"I wouldn't have believed it myself," said Dick.

When the bear family had eaten all the honey and everything else that was left, they retraced their steps and were soon out of sight among the bushes.

The Kendall party gathered together their belongings and moved on. The trail now grew steadily rougher and more beautiful. By the time they reached the valley and had waded their horses across the river, and through the willow bushes, it was dark.

"What's that light ahead?" someone asked.

"That's John Ford's," said another. "He's building a ditch—a five-mile ditch—from up the river to his bar. They found a high bar in the mountain."

"What is a high bar?" asked someone.

"It's the old channel of the river, and they say it carries high values."

"Do we stay here all night?" Peggie asked.

"Yes," Dick answered, "and tomorrow we are only two miles from our own cabin."

The next day when Peggie and Nan had mounted their ponies with their big, cowboy saddles and were waiting for Dick to start with them, Peggie said, looking at the little hut where they had passed the night,

"If I had known that place was such a den of chipmunks I'd not slept a wink: Why, look at them! The roof is literally covered."

"Oh," answered Nan, "that would not have bothered me at all. I could have slept in a den of thieves."

"Well," Peggie replied smiling, "you don't leave me a very pleasant alternative."

Dick came and they started on.

"Why, dear me!" Peggie, exclaimed, "we are not in the valley after all."

They had come to the edge of a cliff from behind the cabin.

"It's only a foot hill," said Dick.

"And that's the South Boise?"

"Yes, down there."

They began the short descent.

"How beautiful!" said Nan, "and how noisy for such a small stream."

"It's full of rocks," Dick explained.

"I am sure I shall never care to go back home," and Nan joined the boys, who had gone on ahead.

III

Nearly three months in this valley of the South Boise had proved to Dick that the hidden wealth of the placers was a great myth. He had exhausted every possible resource to prove the ground but it had been found wanting. On the surface it had panned three or four colors to the pan, and in places even

better—though very small—but after three or four feet there was nothing, absolutely nothing. As for bedrock—it could not be found.

Dick's first mining venture was exceedingly disappointing inasmuch as it had been so glowingly represented to him; but, aside from not being able to take home a bucket of nuggets, the trip had been a great success, and not one of them really wished to leave.

It was now about the first of November and Peggie had taken the boys and gone with Dick six miles up the river to look at some other claims that were touted to them. Nan had remained behind to get a picture or two across the river and beyond the foot hills.

She was coming back now and the sun had already gone over the near peaks. Down the valley she could hear someone singing a "Come All Ye." She stopped her horse to listen a moment and then she gave him the quirt and headed for the cabin.

"Wo Ling!" she called as she rode up.

"Hulla," a singsong voice responded, as a pair of beady eyes and a head wound about with a long silk cue peeped out the door.

"There's a stranger coming down the valley. You can hear him singing." Nan paused a moment. "Be sure you make him stay for the night. He might go on to John Ford's, you know; but I'm dying for some excitement. I've been alone all day and I'm tired of it. Mr. and Mrs. Dick will be delighted. He sings so well, you know."

"Ee sing," was all Wo said.

"But you understand, don't you?" Nan went on again. "I can't urge him to stay. You do it. You make him stay."

"Mek 'im sta'," and Wo went back inside with as little assurance as possible.

Nan laughed to herself.

"If I wish company," she said aloud,

"I reckon I'd better wait here and corral him."

She dismounted, and, throwing the reins over her horse's head, sat down till he came.

"He must be very near," she said again, "for I can hear every word," and then as she looked she saw a pair of orange chaps and a gray sombrero come through the last clump of jack pines.

"My old friend," she exclaimed, and she rose to greet him.

He swung from his saddle and turned his pony after hers. There he stood, his hat in hand, waiting for her to speak to him.

"Where did you learn that song?" she asked.

"Out here somewhere. Do you like it?"

"I am foolish about learning a 'Come All Ye' before we go back, but I am sure I won't be able to now. Are you tired?" she asked.

"They are not hard to learn," he answered, avoiding her question.

"Where did you come from?" she asked again.

"I've been up to the Thunder Mountain country since I saw you last," he answered, smiling. "I didn't come here directly from there, but I'm on my way out. We heard there were some elk in that ridge over yonder, and so we came on."

"Did you get any?"

"Yes, six in all. I left the party about five miles up the river. I'll join them in town in two or three days. They took a short cut to Hailey. I'm looking for an old cowboy that they say is working for John Ford now."

Nan wished Mrs. 'Dick' would come. It seemed very bold for her to detain him, but he was so interesting. She did not like to have him go.

"I'm expecting Mr. and Mrs. Kendall back any time now," she explained. "Mr. Kendall will be so glad to see you. We've not seen anyone but

the packer since we have been here."

He sat down on a box beside the door.

Wo looked out. "Want piece pie?" he asked.

"Yes, thanks," and he accepted the proffered plate.

"I'll take some, too," said Nan, and they sat opposite one another eating blueberry pie and discussing the country when the Kendall family came galloping up.

"I'm so glad you've come," whispered Nan to Peggie when the first greetings were exchanged. "Have Mr. Dick make him stay. I'm dying to talk with him."

"With whom?" asked Peggie.

"Why, with him—in the orange chaps."

"Better find out his name," Peggie said teasingly, as she threw aside her hat. "You'll be calling him 'that' next."

"Mrs. 'Dick,' how horrid of you! I'm sure he is not common. He talks very well."

"Oh, to be young again!" said Peggie, still teasing her.

"You will make him stay, Mrs. 'Dick?'"

"I will try."

"You're so good," Nan exclaimed, giving Peggie a hug.

"And all for a pair of orange chaps!"

The next day being Sunday, the men—those Dick had retained to finish up the work—rose early and went for fish. They came back an hour before noon with two large buckets full.

"My," said Nan, "I wish I'd gone along. It's fun to fish when they bite like that."

No one said anything.

"Where are your poles?" Nan asked again.

No one seemed to hear her and she left him and joined Dick and Mr. Warfield. He had told Dick his name.

"I wonder what they did with their

poles," Nan said abstractedly when Dick went back to the cabin for more tobacco.

"They don't use poles," Mr. Warfield said.

"What then?" Nan asked.

"They use sticks."

"Sticks? What's the difference?" she questioned again.

He laughed as he stood and drew at his pipe.

"Sticks of dynamite," he added.

"Don't tell I told you. It's against the law. Kills too many."

"How do they do it?"

"By throwing dynamite on the water and when it explodes it kills the fish, and they rise to the surface. Then they gather them like grain."

"How cruel!"

"No, not that. It doesn't hurt them any more than the hook—if as much—but it would exterminate them if done too often."

Dick and Peggie came up just then.

"We are going for a little walk; will you come?" she asked.

Nan and Mr. Warfield followed not far behind.

"How long are you going to stay here?" he asked.

"We are going out about the tenth. They say one can't stay here longer than the twentieth."

"No, that is late enough. You see this is a little pocket between the mountains, and when the snows come it's not hard to get snowed in. I got caught in this very valley once nine years ago. It was the hardest Winter this part of the country had known in years. Ten men had come over the trail a month before and nothing had been heard from them. A searching party was organized and I joined it. There were six of us, and only two came back. The other four were killed in a snowslide on that very mountain."

"Oh!" said Nan, "how awful."

"Perhaps you're not used to such

tales. I'm sorry if it frightens you."

"Oh, I don't mind," she said quickly.

"I was thinking how dreadful if you had been one of the four."

He glanced at her, but evidently she meant nothing particularly personal, for she was not even looking his way.

"I've always been rather fortunate," he said again.

"Oh, scratch on wood," she said quickly. "Here," and she picked up a stick and handed it to him. He laughed lightly as he obeyed, and then threw the stick toward the river.

From his pocket he took some Indian arrowheads. "I found these over near Thunder Mountain," he said, handing them to her.

"How interesting—and the Indians really made them?"

"Yes, they are very old."

"They are relics," she said again, as she handed them back to him.

"You may keep them if you like."

"Really? How kind in you."

There was an awkward silence. Dick and Peggie were coming back toward them.

"If you ever come East," Nan said excitedly, "you must look us up. I'll leave our address with you." She was wondering what Auntie would say of his chaps, but of course he would not wear them.

"You will come back again?" he questioned.

"I don't know," she said almost sadly. "I should love to. It would be heaven to spend six months of every year in the hills."

"I love the hills," he said softly.

"Yes," she answered, "I suppose you do. They are your home."

They turned and walked toward the cabin.

"Will you show me my picture before I go?" he asked.

"You're not going?" she asked almost pleadingly.

For the first time their eyes met.

"Yes," he answered picking up the arrowhead she dropped, "I must get back."

Nan wished to ask, "Back where?" but instead she said: "Yes, I shall be glad to show it to you." She was thinking about the cigars.

"Those cigars," he began—"did you pick them out yourself?"

"Mr. Kendall selected them."

"They were a most excellent smoke."

Nan reddened visibly.

He laughed outright and she joined him, though she scarcely knew why she did. That night under the lamp she showed him his picture, and she presented him with another of Mrs. "Dick" astride her pony. He was audacious enough to say that he wished it were herself instead, and Mrs. "Dick" heard him say it.

In the morning he left with their addresses and with the promise that "if" he "ever came East" he would "surely look them up." They watched him ride away around the edge of the mountain. Peggie and Dick declared he was "a fine fellow," and Nan did not contradict them.

Nan watched the snow on the mountains. Each day it came lower until the day they left the hills were a third covered.

Those last days in the valley gave Nan a nervous unrest. She found herself wishing for the light and bustle of a metropolis.

"Why, I thought," she said to Peggie, "when we first came that I should never, never wish to go away; but do you know, somehow the mountains begin to oppress me. I feel hedged in somehow. Perhaps it's the snow. What a dreadful thing a snowslide is! Really, Mrs. 'Dick,' I shall be glad when we are out."

Nan rose from the log she was seated on and stood before Peggie.

Peggie rose too, and putting an arm

around Nan's waist led her toward the river.

"I know what it is," said Peggie. "It's spelled with five letters—y-o-u-t-h. I've not gotten over it either. But we shall be going tomorrow."

The sun, all but set, was casting its last long javelins of gold into the shadowy purples of the valley. They sat together on the river's sandy bank, and Nan threw in some pebbles.

"Did you love Mr. 'Dick' the first time you saw him?" Nan asked abruptly.

Peggie drew her shoulders together as though something struck her, but Nan did not notice. She was throwing stones into the eddies.

"I can't remember," said Peggie slowly. "I knew Dick when I was a little girl."

"Oh," Nan returned, "then you'd not know. I was wondering how it seemed to meet the man you love."

"Look at me," Peggie said, reaching and taking Nan's chin in her hands. "You're not really in love. It's the romance of the hills, his picturesque clothes, the orange chaps and all. Back in our own world you will forget all about him."

"Perhaps," said Nan, looking away again, "but he did have wonderful eyes. I don't mind telling you, Mrs. 'Dick,' that I can't ever forget them."

"And you are to marry a millionaire," Peggie said.

"Yes," Nan answered, throwing one last pebble into the water. "It's such a disgrace to be poor," she added with irony. "Please marry me to a very old man, Mrs. 'Dick;' I am sure I'd make a charming rich widow."

"You poor sentimentalist," Peggie said, kissing her. "I suppose you'll marry some starving genius and have a dozen children."

The boys wept when they said good-bye to the valley. Nan's eyes, too, were moist as they started from the cabin. Peggie and Dick alone felt no regrets

as they left their "thirty millions in sight."

IV

Everyone stops at Denver, and oh how grand and beautiful it seems. Everything is luxurious. Whether it is by contrast or in reality it does not matter. The Kendalls and Nan spent several days at the Brown Palace.

Dick had gone down after the mail and Peggie and Nan were in the rotunda. There had been a harp solo and Nan stood when it was finished and looked over the rail into the office.

"She reached out her hand to Peggie with a startled gesture, not taking her eyes off a group of men near the elevator.

Peggie jumped to her side. What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh," sighed Nan disappointedly, at the same time excited, "he's gone! I could stake my life it was Mr. Warfield."

"My! how you startled me. I thought someone was hurt. Please don't do it again, Nan," and Peggie sat down.

"But, Mrs. 'Dick,' if it should have been Mr. Warfield?"

"But it was not. Mr. Warfield is probably at this moment finishing a pipe beside a log fire."

"Oh, I wish we had never come out of the mountains!" and Nan sighed for at least the tenth time that day.

Dick came with some letters.

"There's none for you, Miss Nan."

"Nan doesn't care for letters," Peggie interposed. "She's just seen a vision."

"You didn't see Warfield, did you?" Dick asked.

"Is he here?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think so, but I saw a man who looked a lot like someone I'd seen, and I couldn't place him. He came out of the barber shop as I went in. He was talking to someone and didn't see me. Afterward I met the other man and asked him who this other chap was. He didn't recall who I meant. I asked if his name was War-

field, but he didn't know the name. He said he guessed I meant a cattle king—one of the biggest cattle men in the West—didn't know his name—but I knew he wasn't the chap. He was wonderfully like Warfield—like I imagine Warfield in city clothes."

Dick folded his letters and put them in his inside pocket.

"Let's have dinner," he said.

The following night they found themselves speeding across the country homeward.

Peggie came to Nan in the morning.

"Aren't you going to get up?" she asked.

"All dressed?" Nan asked sleepily.

"Yes, I'll be dressed directly—but Mrs. 'Dick,' don't you wait for me. Go on in, and I'll follow when I'm ready."

"Well, if you don't mind, I think we shall. The boys have been up a long time and they are anxious for breakfast."

"Certainly; go right along."

The Kendalls had finished breakfast and were leaving the dining car when Nan came in.

"It's very crowded," Peggie said, "I'm going back in the buffet car while Dick smokes. Look us up when you have finished."

"I will," Nan said.

Dick had smoked his third cigarette; a man had been entertaining them with a bottle of chameleons, and Nan had not come in yet.

"Nan's having a very elaborate breakfast," Peggie suggested.

"Why, it is nearly an hour and a half," Dick said looking at his watch.

"That long? I'm going back to see what's become of her," and Peggie started for the diner.

It was nearly empty and she paused at the glass door and looked in. There they sat. Nan and a man. Yes, it was Mr. Warfield. Where did he come from?

Peggie watched them a moment. They

were sitting there eating nothing and both looking straight out the window. Peggie turned and hastened back to Dick. Going through one of the sleepers, she was caught by hearing one man say to another:

"Yes, Warfield's born under a lucky star. Went west ten years ago fresh from college, and everything he touched turned into money."

Peggie sank into an opposite seat apparently without interest, but in reality with every nerve strained.

"That's the way with some people," the other man returned.

"Yes," continued the first, "but that's not all. Warfield's lucky in love, too. Met a little girl in the mountains—she lives back East—and had quite a romance. She thought him a cowboy, and he carried out the illusion. He spent weeks searching the South Boise to find her, after he lost track of her in town, and made out to her it was all by accident. I was waiting for him in Shoshone all this time. When he came I couldn't do anything with him. Said he must go East for six months. I made him tell me why, and he seemed to be glad for a confidential ear."

"Hope he finds the girl."

"Finds her! The scoundrel. I am sure I don't know whether it's by accident or not, but this minute they are eating breakfast together; come, I will show you." And the two men went out of the car. Peggie was cold and hot by turns. She met Dick coming for her and told him all.

"Nan's a good miner," he said, when Peggie had done.

Just then Nan and Mr. Warfield came through. They stopped to greet Dick and Peggie.

When they had talked a little Mr. Warfield said:

"There are some chameleons in the library. Won't you come back and see them?"

"Yes," said Peggie, "go along, Nan.

They are very interesting. We have just come from there."

"Then you won't come?" Nan asked.

"No, not now. We shall later."

At the very end of the observation car, close to the window, Dick and Peggie saw them an hour after. They were talking very low as they watched the long line of rails they left behind.

"And you really like the mountains?" he was saying.

"No, I love them," she answered warmly.

"One loses and finds much in the mountains."

"Yes," Nan returned softly.

"The hills are full of treasures," he said slowly.

She looked up at him as he said this and their eyes met again. Each read beneath the other's depths. The silence that followed this time was not an awkward one. Two people in the world were happy.

Kate Ashworth Barclay was glad Mrs. "Dick" was home again, and she hastened over to see Peggie, but already Kate had learned the news of Nan. Only in a very unsatisfactory manner, however, and she made Peggie tell her every detail.

"And now that you have married both of Mrs. Smith's nieces," Kate began, "and nearly every other available person, I suppose, before long, you will have designs on my daughter."

"I won't have to go far, either," Peggie answered, smiling, "if my youngest son continues his ardent admiration. Dear me! Kate dear," Peggie continued, going over to the table and peeling an orange, "don't let's talk of that, for, positively, it makes me feel old."

"That must be an awful feeling," Kate answered, laughing.

Peggie joined her, then she added:

"That's a stunning gown. Who made it?"

GAIL HAMILTON OF HAMILTON

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "Islands of Tranquil Delight," "Exits and Entrances,"
"South Sea Idyls," etc.

GAIL HAMILTON'S "Life in Letters," with its thousand and odd pages, is as interesting as "Clarissa Harlowe" ever dared to be, and has none of the harrowing details that made that grewsome fiction the delight of our morbid ancestors. I was glancing into it the other day and thinking what a wholesome, breezy life was hers, when I chanced upon this paragraph at the foot of page 722:

Grand Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.
28—May—1873.

"Charles Warren Stoddard—the man who sent me the pearl—called last evening, and stayed two hours."

Alas, dear Gail! They did not seem to me half, nor quarter, so long as that. I thought only how delightful and inspiring you were, for all your pretty plainness; and how you said I must go to Europe—I had not yet been—and you wanted in some way to help me get started. There never was anyone more cheering and sympathetic, and when I left you, at the end of the "two hours" immortalized by the recording angel, the man who sent you the pearl felt as if even the pearl of great price could not repay him for the good you had done him in your artless—or was it innocently artful?—way.

But this pearl—what of it and its sender? If you will open "South Sea Idyls" and turn to "My South Sea Show," you shall there read how the author wrote:—

SUMMER

By and by I will come to you, when the evenings are very long, and the valley is still. I will cross the lawn in silence, and stand knocking at the south entry. Deborah will open the door to me with fear and trembling, for I shall

be sunburnt and brawny, with a baby cannibal under each arm. Then at a word a tattooed youngster shall reach her a Tahitian pearl, and I will cry, 'Give it to Mistress Gail'; whereat Deborah will willingly withdraw, leaving us motionless in the dead leaves by the south entry. You will take the token, dear Gail, and know it as the symbol of my return. You will come and greet us, and lead us to the best chamber, and we will feast with you as long as you like—I and my cannibals.

I was never quite sure of what Gail said to my letter, but I knew her for a true soul; so I gathered my cannibals under my metaphorical wings, and journeyed into the village, and came into it at sunset, while it was Autumn. We passed over the lawn in silence and stood knocking at the south entry, in real earnest. Deborah came at last, and the little striped fellow bore aloft his pearl of Tahitian beauty, while I gave my message, and Deborah was terrified and thought she was dreaming. But she took the pearl and went, and we stood in the keen air of Autumn, and my South Sea babies were very cold and moaned pitifully under my arms, and the little pearl-bearer shivered in all his stripes, and capered in the dead leaves like an imp of darkness.

Then Gail came to us and let us in and we camped by the great fire in the sitting-room, whither Deborah brought bowls of new milk for the little ones, and was wonderfully amazed at their quaintness and beauty, but failed to affiliate with my striped pearl-bearer.

Now there you have the first part of the story of the man who sent the pearl; the second part, which should really be the first part, or a prologue, here follows in very truth.

That most delightful volume of femininity, "Country Living and Country Thinking," was all the rage when I wrote to Gail Hamilton in the hope of winning an autograph from her. I won it; here it is:—

Mr. Stoddard,
Dear Sir:

A letter with a horrid address has evidently been going around the country in search of an owner. Some one has finally opened it and seeing my name within, has forwarded it to me. I assure you it is a very great piece of good nature on my part to write to you after you have coupled my name with your savage nomenclature?—but I do so first, because I am good natured; second, because your own handwriting is big and black and manly and therefore I am prepossessed in your favour; thirdly, because your verses are good and so there is another prepossession; and fourthly, because you are so far off that you cannot come to see me if you like me ever so much; and just a little bit too because being so far off you must be homesick, and one is moved to comfort you a little.

"On the whole, have I complimented or displeasanted you? Well, being a man you can stand either, especially the latter—if you only know what it is. I don't so I cannot help you.

Yours very truly,
GAIL HAMILTON.

I knew Gail Hamilton for a pert miss, though I did not meet her for years after she sent me the autograph letter just quoted. She wrote to a common friend, who had asked her if she remembered me,—“Your funny Poet I remember very well—that is if his name is Charles W. Stoddard. I have his letter by me now in a good, solid, black handwriting, and will keep it to await his future.” Of course I wrote again after reading this, though it was not exactly an invitation to do so. I wrote because I wanted to, and she replied as follows:—

Hamilton, Mass., Oct. 3d, 1867.

My dear

friend—(that *friend* hopped down there of its own accord and I shall have to let it stay.) Your dainty book and your nice letter here—are—(I left out the *are* where it ought to be so I put it in there. I don't know what has got into my pen tonight—certainly not myself.) I have read the letter and am going to read the book. It looks appetizing but if I praise it you may expect the verdict

of posterity will be dis-praise; while if I censure it you may consider yourself to have taken passage for immortality, first-class car, express train. Now into what fearful straits might I throw you by asking which you would prefer, me or fame! But I don't ask you. I spare your chivalry that strain.

Do you like me? Well I like you and good enough for you. I could not have guessed from your letter how old you were but I should have known there was a good deal of boy left in you whether you were sixteen or sixty—and I hope it will always remain there. I was just thinking as I was writing here, what you are like and, mentally portraying, I said why he is like Johnny Stoddard; and then it occurred to me that it was the same name and perhaps you have the same blood. John Stoddard has just entered college and is going to be a missionary and, if I were you, I should say a *jolly* missionary he will make.

You, well what are you? What will you do to me if I guess wrong? I guess then that you are a winsome baby who has somehow grown up into a man and has not yet quite forgotten his babyhood; who has put on the strength and energy and wisdom of manhood, but who still likes to be petted a little. I think it is a clear, pure nature, tender and true; fond of frolic but dwelling in a deep seriousness; affectionate without selfishness. ‘Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love.’ If he lived next door, this man, this boy, he would tease me but I should in spite of it grow very fond of him. He would give me anxieties but I think he would never rouse my indignation by any of those coarse speeches which conventional refinement does not consider coarse but which the inwardly delicate soul of the gentleman never thinks of.

This sheet is so small that I cannot give a full portrait of the face I see smiling askance, never looking straight at me, between the lines of your letter. But so far as it goes *is* it a portrait?

When the Pacific Railroad is finished maybe I shall drop in to breakfast some morning, and see. Meanwhile I thank you for your book and for your cheery, hearty words, and I wish for your future all sorts of good things—chiefly the best thing. Believe me

Yours very truly, M. A. D.

In reading between the lines of that

letter what kind of picture do you see, my friend? Here are a few glimpses at her life in letters written to her intimate friends: They read like open confessions, and were no doubt good for the souls of all parties concerned:—

I just want to tell you that you are mistaken about my friendships. I have a great many friends, that's true, but I have very few *internal* friends, people whom I'd rather be with than to be alone. I like many, I laugh and talk with many, but I love very, very few, I mean with a real, warm, necessary love.

* * * People bore me dreadfully. I'd like to see nobody from week's end to week's end. * * *

Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, the "Phocion" of the Congregationalist, editor of the Home Monthly, etc., wanted me to write a series of articles for young men in his monthly, or anything else I chose. I declined, assuring him that I had nothing whatever to say to young men.

The trouble with me is that I like everybody. * * *

Whittier liked my "Spasm of Sense" extremely. I lamented that I could not be anonymous. I had always meant to be but never succeeded.

"It is a great deal better as it is," said he. "It puts thee on thy good behavior."

"You don't trust me," I said.

"Yes, I do trust thee, but thee has a great audacity — great audacity."

I like to write letters. I believe it is a weakness and I unfortunately have all the foibles of my own sex, and all the faults of yours, but still I like to write letters and especially I like to write where there is a little unexplored ground.

Where people meet through letters, that which meets is really their own selves. When they meet in person, there are so many impertinences that you never can tell what is what. I will not say never, but not often, for a long while, and sometimes not at all. At least that is the way with me. The more you see me the more you won't know me. I sit in my room and write to you. It is my very own self speaking to you, without embarrassment or distraction. There isn't any world. There are no social duties. We might as well be pure souls.

It is evident I was too well pleased with the second letter I received from

Gail Hamilton not to acknowledge the receipt of it with some enthusiasm, for this soon followed from her pen:—

February 12, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A sort of California wild flower you seem to me, brilliant, spontaneous, free—springing from a rich soil with a careless, winning, laughing grace—is that you? It is so long since the 29th of October. November, December, January, February, have the snows swept you and me quite beyond sight and sound? I suppose they must have whirled your letter from your thought and if you have forgotten all about it and me, never mind. You asked me would I care if you should write, and you could feel that you would not be boring me in doing so. Of course I should not care and of course it would not annoy but amuse me and perhaps something more, though indeed it is no little service to amuse our friends. I wish you would always write to me when you feel like it. So you will please me best. You seem to me well worthy of every good and perfect gift, friendship most perfect of all. I think you clear and fine and promising in intellect; pure and simple hearted—simple in its grand heavenly sense I mean, not in its mean and worldly one. I cannot write to you very often but I shall always be in a receptive mood towards you, if you are what I think you, and if you are not it is the easiest thing in the world to disengage myself when the disentanglement is prompted by an inward repellant. So you see I fear not the smallest trouble from you and have only hearty welcome for you whenever your impulse bids you my way. I do not know about being your "big sister," though, because a test might reveal that in the very points you concede, "mind, spirit, etc." you are bigger than I. But this I am not afraid to engage, that so far as sympathy goes, I shall not fail you. In practical matters I am of very little use to any one, but my ears are never tired of listening and there is nothing so interesting to me as a human being, if it has any true life. So let me help you if ever I can; not in any outward way perhaps, but in some silent fashion as dews and darkness help the flowers, you California blossom, you! Or maybe I shall even scold you since you give me leave, and I certainly will

if you give me cause, with or without leave; though I assure you my scolding is no Summer breeze blowing, but a fierce northeaster with icicles in every breath. Do you not already shiver?

Photograph I have none to speak of, the sun being at cross purposes with me; and if I had you would hardly be the better for it: what the sun sees is not me, hardly more than what the sun paints. Some persons have more numerous and better avenues of expression than others, and like the Bible-man speak with their feet. In your imagination I doubt not you see me far more clearly than any pasteboard presentment would reveal me.

Do not write me now because you have received a letter from me and feel that courtesy requires it; follow the slightest beckoning of your own wish. Tell me, if you like, all that concerns yourself; what you do and how you live. Heaven has given you much but the fruits of Heaven's gifts your own will must ripen. I could wish that you might grow up into a full-statured man; single in purpose, symmetrical in development, high-toned, and efficient in good words and good works — and indeed good words often are good works. Your California needs so much such men as I think you may be; the whole country needs them and is in evil case this moment for want of them. I do not especially care that you should be great — though the greater the better! but I do pray you to become all that you have power to be; not to waste your substance in idle living; our activity that builds up material prosperity and leaves intellect, the heart, integrity and sentiment to languish seems to me the worst kind of silliness; while a life that adds not a single dollar to the physical resources of the country — perhaps I should say to the physical wealth — may be its most priceless treasure. We need all things so that every man bringing his best of whatever sort may know that he is doing God and his own country some service. Be your best that you may thus bring your best, and be sure of my grateful recognition. I shall always rejoice to hear of your good fortune and your well-being. I shall follow you with peculiar interest and I do not believe I shall ever have cause to regret that I knew you or to mistrust my own judgment regarding you.

Believe me always most truly yours —

well I won't say who and if you do not know you won't have to answer the letter.

Did I answer it? I seem to have answered it twice, perhaps because I had been, against my will, driven as a last resource to the stage for a livelihood. Realizing that I had no special dramatic talent, I was never stage-struck, and with exceptional discretion I held aloof from accepting a proffered engagement as long as possible. My experience was fortunately brief, but long enough for me to lift up my voice in a wail that awoke a sympathetic response in more hearts than one. This from her, the Oracle of Hamilton, Massachusetts:—

My dear friend:

Your two letters are before me and would have been sooner answered had it been practicable. I am sure you do not need to be told of my warmest sympathy with you. Both your letters interested me deeply, but you will permit me to say that I think you took your trouble too much to heart. You let it sink into your life too much. You were fully persuaded, were you not, that it was right for you to go upon the stage? You hated it, true, as I am very glad you did. I should certainly not feel happy to know that you were dazzled by stage brilliance, for I think theatrical life though not fatal is still very dangerous to character; but since you took it from outward force, not inward choice, your peril was not great.

If I had been sitting by you on the sofa in the library and you had come in fierce and furious to me with your theater disgust, I should have said — "Now Charley, be quiet! I know you hate it. So many a girl hates teaching [she was long a teacher herself] but she must keep at it. You have not to play forever. You have only to do it till something better occurs, and the time won't be long. Seeing that you must act a little while, get out of it all you can. Get material that may be of incalculable value some day. Do not think of losing heart. Be as cheerful as the day. Be *above* all this tinsel, but be also clear-eyed to see, *through* the tinsel, the beating heart that is surely there. Don't look upon it as a life, or fate, or degrada-

tion, but as a remarkable opportunity, rare as to be rarely improved; and come to me once a week and tell me all about it. Perhaps if you are *very* wretched you may come a minute every day."

Whereat Charley would have shaken at me his wrathful locks and called me commonplace and cruel and heartless, and have played that night more angrily than ever. However, it is all over now and he need not serve up his indignation cold.

You asked me on the 5th of May how it was with me. This May month brought me nearer to the border land of the world than I ever was before. For this world it was pleasant and cold, wherein it differed from most days this Spring, which have been cold and not pleasant. But every now and then comes a day which seems to mock us with the beauty that might be and is not; with the loveliness that evades us yet lies at hand.

The season now is in its prime. The elm trees are filmed with foliage — not dense yet, only delicate, and the orioles flash like flame through the tender green.

The apple trees are bursting with bloom and the air is heavy with perfume of lilac and clove-plant and clover and a thousand nameless scents that set the bees wild — the birds were wild before. The bob-o-links cannot sing half loud enough and the big, bold robins think they own the world and have taken possession of our yard in force; one has built a nest on a little *arbor vitae* tree close by our front steps and a little yellow-bird has hung her flossy home just by the back door. Our Summer is long in coming but when she does come she is fair to see and we all bow down. If you *should* turn into a Rook, as you were wishing you could, you might do worse than get a glimpse of a New England Summer. You could hardly get more than a glimpse for she only breathes upon us and is gone.

You half lament your inaptitude for business, but don't be over disquieted thereby. Business is a good thing to help keep one's balance, but Nature is very strong, too. When you are sure a thing ought to be done, do it. Never fail there. If you cannot be self-supporting, independent—if you cannot fulfill your duties to others without pursuing an uncongenial occupation—you must pursue it. But I do *not* think you ought to sacrifice body and soul unnec-

essarily. It is the duty of every man to do his work; but I do not know that it is every man's duty to become rich; and your real work may lie in another direction from your so-called business. Be you always high minded and pure hearted; unselfish, thoughtful of others, careful to lighten others' burdens or to help in bearing them; lavish of light and love—and I think God will show you a way. The only thing is to live always at your highest, and, if you fall, rise again. Fame and fortune are nothing, but to be all that Heaven has given you the capacity to be, in heart and soul—this is everything. Don't you think so?

Yours always truly, M. A. D.

P. S. Did you not tell me you had a story to tell me? I am listening. Do not you see me, sitting in the sunrise?"

In those days of youthful enthusiasm I had planned to lecture on the primitive life of the South Seas, illustrating my text with living pictures; I was to travel from lyceum to lyceum with two or three small Islanders, who were to dance and sing and make themselves as picturesque as possible. Before my venturing upon this new role, I asked advice concerning the feasibility of the scheme and received encouraging replies to letters I had sent broadcast among my friends; one of them this:—

Hamilton, Mass., Jan. 8, 1870.

Your plan of action is very wise and I hope you will be quite the fashion in eastern circles next winter—which will be equally good for your pride and your pocket. Ginger I don't object to and cocoanut oil I am not versed in but you will have fine breezes coming over the hills between California and Massachusetts and I dare say we shall perceive only sweet spices from Araby the Blest.

I like your *Overland Monthly* and I like your articles in it. They are bright and fresh and careless and saucy and free. They give one a longing to go to California now, instantly, before she is too much trodden under foot of men. But the railroad is coming and I fear you will soon be common and metropolitan and cosmopolitan. What is it to go to California, after California has been visited and written to death?

I am writing to you in that great state; but I know not where you may be; living with what South Sea Island gods; drinking the milk of cocoa-nuts and eating bread-fruit. Well, wherever you go, the good spirit go with you to keep you in all your ways.

Yours very truly, if tardily,

M. A. DODGE.

The last paragraph above pitched the keynote of my sketch in the "South Sea Idyls" entitled "My South Sea Show." I had returned from a Summer cruise, the Prodigal Son, whose spectacular poverty was the delight of sympathetic Islanders and the naked truth of which has been publicly exposed in "A Prodigal in Tahiti," also one of the "South Sea Idyls." I was evidently disheartened. I had said as much to Gail, sending her a pearl—one of those bestowed upon me by the repentant United States consul, who figures as my bete noir in the first chapter of "The Island of Tranquil Delights." I had said to Gail that had I the wealth of Ind, I should catch the pearl loosely in a filmy web of golden fiber at the end of a stick-pin; as it was, I sent it in a tiny box. To this she answered:—

No, you are not broken in spirit. You are young and strong with all your life before you, and a rich, wild experience behind you.

I did not much like your *South Sea Show* (printed in the *Overland Monthly*) Gail is too peculiar a name to take liberties with and I thought I would not write to you any more; but since you are starved and savage we will hope a new life has flowed into you and you will not again take my name in vain.

Your little pearl is here as peaceful as if you had not gone round the world after him. I am extremely sorry you were so poor you could not weave your net of gold around him. I should like him best of all set in your ideal. Suppose I swathe him in pink cotton till I come to California and pay the bills myself. I am sure you would never pay them after seeing me; not because I am specially disagreeable but because you hold me now only in your ideal and

when you saw me and found that I was just like everybody else you would be ready to swim all your South Seas again in despair.

Listen: you write quaintly and strikingly, but you need solidification both of life and letters. This is what you will call Philistinism, but you must not starve in Israel. I admire you—also you need to be soundly scolded and shaken and started in some humdrum respectability if your non-humdrumity is to avail. This is lucid and I am always yours,

M. A. D.

I was preparing for a long absence in Europe and had let Miss Dodge know of it; she wrote:

Now the season is over and the Indian Summer is coming and if you will run in any fine morning I will spend whole days with you out on the hills that are yet green with all the greenness of Summer and sweet with all the stored sunshine of many Summers. I think, sometimes, I love this second Summer better than the first. It seems to have the serene and ripened beauty, the tranquillity of work accomplished; the restfulness and reposefulness which the real Summer would find alien. And it is so fleeting that you must take it when it comes and give yourself quite up to it, heart and soul,—for all that is left is lost.

I went to Washington in January and stayed till May, then made my usual slow journey northward; reached home in late May, I think, and among other good deeds have been trying to help on Creative Providence in beautifying the earth by planting out pine trees and hemlock hedges, with indifferent success. All I am sure of in my house is sunshine and that, fortunately, is beauty and happiness and life; and as I stand on a hill with a house full of windows I catch what there is of it going. But your threat to ogle me from my neighbor's wood-pile has no terror for me as I have no neighborly wood-pile near enough to be a post of observation. No, sir, your only resource is to walk up to the front door and present your card like a man. * * * On my way home I took a little tour through Canada and northern New England and through the wild miracles of western New England; I suppose you, who think nothing of sailing round the South Seas before break-

fast, would call this a mere "Tour round my garden"—but it was very pleasant.

When there was some doubt as to my being able to visit Miss Dodge before sailing for England, she wrote:—

I am truly sorry and disappointed not to have your visit. I wanted to show you my hills and my blue stretches of sea and my white line of beach and my swamp that is a royal leaf-preserve in this turning time of leaves; and my meadow where the mist rises and makes under the moonlight an inland sea. And then I wanted to know all about you and your plans and prospects. It was very wretched in the sky to rain that afternoon, but it was still more miserable in you to be ill. Why should you strike out about climatic influences? I have been under these same climatic influences all my life and am so strong as to arouse the hostility of all my friends. If you can stand San Francisco with its high winds and its dry sands are you going to set up that you cannot stand Massachusetts?

You see the way I console you is by a good sound scolding! How do you like that?

I send you what you are foolish enough to want—a "Country Living and Country Thinking;" not because I particularly like it but partly because I have another of it—a copy sent me by a returned soldier and which went through the war and bears the marks of warfare—and partly because this is the first, the very first I received, and has been with me from the beginning and all the fading has come from my own sunshine: take it with my heartiest good wishes and believe that wherever you go my friendship and sympathy go with you. I shall rejoice in your most brilliant success and not be discouraged by never so pronounced a failure; but I beg you to be always high hearted and not suffer even your spirit to be depressed. It is easier for me to exhort this than for you to comply with it. Nevertheless even our moods are somewhat in our own favor and, indirectly, very much under control. Let me hear from you, whether you are homesick or happy. I fear I cannot make you believe how truly and sincerely I am your friend,
M. A. DODGE.

The visit was finally accomplished very successfully. I was transplanted

from the little way-station to the old homestead in a tumble-down carryall that was driven by an elderly man who might have stepped out of a Way Down East domestic drama, and who, out of the fullness of his heart and the emptiness of his conveyance, picked up every little school child he overtook on the way. I asked if he knew where Gail Hamilton lived. He looked at me, and said, more in sorrow than in anger, "Why, everybody knows that! We call her Abby Dodge down here."

There she was, in her old, sweet home, fascinatingly plain of feature but rivaling the sunshine that seemed to abide there forever. And there were all the flowers and fruits of which she has written so delightfully, and the chickens that gave her such concern—see her "Henriade." She probably kept these chickens just for the fun of it, for surely she must have known that there is no money in hens—unless they swallow it.

It was "Country Living and Country Thinking," and "Summer Rest" and "Gala Days" all bound in one precious, unforgettable volume—that visitation! I could not help contrasting that glimpse of old-fashioned home life with the "new atmosphere" which became almost necessary to her later life in Washington. She writes of her presence at the Lincoln inauguration ball as if she really took an interest in it. She says:

I wore an apple green silk, a Paris dress, flounced to the waist, or rather ruffled, each ruffle having a kind of pattern edge and floss fringe, the waist pointed behind and before, with a berth to match the skirt, white puffs of tulle in the bosom and a tulle chemisette, a narrow black velvet round my neck, my coral bracelet on one arm and a gold one on the other, etc., etc. It was so late when Mr. Lincoln came that they began to dance before he got there. When he came, the band struck up "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances." * * *

Mrs. Lincoln danced with Mr. Douglas, who held her bonnet. * * *

I wore my hair curled in front, with a

wreath of green leaves and gold grapes
— There, I won't say another word
about the ball.

Gail Hamilton was singularly feminine and had rather a small opinion of men; yet she did not disdain to toy with their emotions when they took her too seriously. By the so-called orthodox protestors she was considered hopelessly heterodox. Perhaps there is nothing more amusing in the eyes of the faithful than to see heretics trying one another for heresy! To a friend she wrote: "Do not swear about Renan. There is not half so much blasphemy in him as there is in some of our good D. D.'s. — and I'm an orthodox and can say that." To another: — "They are trying to get money enough to buy a new furnace for our side of the meeting house. I gave a little money rather dubiously, as I am just now undecided as to whether it is not the best thing to tear down all our meeting houses, throw

ecclesiasticism back to chaos and see if we cannot crystallize anew into some better forms."

She once wrote: — "I cannot be cross to people that are right before my face and eyes, so I have to discharge my thunders (electrical) through letters."

She certainly did this, and did it delightfully, for even her scoldings were good to take. She said: "The trouble with me is, I like everybody." It was the all-embracing human love that made her scold — as she calls it — those in whom she was most interested. Hers was indeed a life in letters; she had a positive genius for the writing of them, and her best beloved friend, the poet Whittier, wrote to her: — "I was a little blue this morning, but thy letter was just the tonic I need. If anybody is out of sorts and hipped I shall prescribe for him a course of thy letters."

"And now, God bless thee!"

*I am writing to you in the great
State. but I know not where you may
be. living with what South Sea island
gods. drinking the milk of cocoa nuts
and eating bread fruit. May wherever you
go the good Spirit go with you to keep you
in all your ways.*

*Yours very truly & tenderly
M. A. Saag*

AN IRISH MELODY

By John Francis Waller

"**A**H, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel —
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down; but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen —
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil —
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground —
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose — feet light as the doe's —
Now cosily retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as the Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so mildly —
Your fairy-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form —
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eyes as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"



SENATOR PORTER J. MCCUMBER

WHAT LIES AHEAD OF THIS PEOPLE

PATERNALISM THE INEVITABLE SEQUENCE OF ALL SOCIAL EVOLUTION

By Porter J. McCumber

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

THAT we may not obtain a clear mental picture of social conditions the years 2000, 3000 or 5000 is not so much because of a faulty rule of developing it, as it is because of the limited power of our mental faculties to grasp in its entirety that image which the unerring law of evolution always reflects on the canvas of the future. We can, for instance, measure the distance between the earth and other planets of our sys-

tem and compute, even to the number of square inches, the surface of the plane of the sun's orbit; and yet, as students of psychology, we know that the human mind is absolutely incapable of comprehending one millionth part of this distance, or one millionth part of this great surface. We understand the law of measurement, and can demonstrate to a mathematical certainty its absolute verity, but cannot compre-

hend the vast numbers we deal with. Even if we could comprehend a single mile in one mental impression, it would require 25,000 impressions, almost simultaneously received, to grasp the world's circumference alone. But while we are unable to secure any mental hold upon the world as an entirety, we can, with successive mental applications, secure a kind of patched knowledge of its surface.

And if by an unchanging unit we can with precision measure off every square mile of the world's surface, so we can by an equally unerring known law of the universe obtain the result of the persistent application of that law on the life and development of social organizations and bring the result fairly within the scope of our understanding.

Our knowledge of the earlier ages of the human family conclusively points to a previous state when it was a world of individual atoms — of human souls — each a little orb within himself — each a satellite revolving around and governed by his own erratic desire, and yet all impelled by some great law—some irresistible power which by their nature they obeyed, scarce comprehending why or wherefore—moving like a constellation of heavenly bodies through the ethereal waste. Early dawn of history opens at that stage of development when the gradual crystallization of these atoms, these beings, into tribal or social communities, bound loosely by laws of scant cohesive power, was in progress. Modern times present progressive consolidations in ever greater combinations, with strong, unyielding rules of government—a world of beings with their imperishable hopes and immortal loves—the product of centuries. What of their future? By what method may we obtain a correct view of their social conditions at any future stage?

Happily for us, we are not compelled to make the rule. Nature omnipotent has had a working one in existence for

all time. All that is required of us is that we observe its operations, with the positive assurance that it is inflexible—that the same cause under like conditions always has produced and always will produce the same results.

We have before us an apple blossom. Given sunlight, rain and time, and we not only determine what the final result of the operation of this law will be on this flower, but the condition of its product at any particular period; that within two weeks the petals will fall—another month the half developed fruit—five months the ripened product—eight months the initiation of decay, and finally complete disintegration. We know this because we know the law of its development—its evolution and dissolution. Now this is not a separate and distinct law of nature, peculiar to the apple, which moulds and develops and ripens it; but the activity of one single great persistent law of the universe, operating unceasingly upon all things at all times—a law which holds all existence in its sway.

We are taught by our great philosophers that the sensible history of any concrete form is a history of its duration from the moment it emerges out of the realm of imperceptibility to a period when it will again enter into a like state. That it is certain and demonstrable, however, that every object has had a history prior to the time of its perceptible recognition, and that it will have a subsequent like history; and that no knowledge of such existence can be said to be complete or even entitled to the dignity of the term, knowledge, until it has compassed all that can be ascertained before as well as after its perceptible existence. The history of man as a being—as an atom—would be incomplete which began with his birth and ended with his death. We cannot say that we have knowledge of any one thing in the world until we are able to combine, not merely its sensible and per-

ceptible existence, but all that may possibly be known of it—all that precedes and all that succeeds perceptible existence to the very border line of the unknowable. Tracing backward from the moment of his entrance into the field of perceptibility, we know that a period of embryonic development preceded the birth of this man; and pressing our investigation further back, we learn that the cellular tissue of which he is composed existed in plants and other substances, and back still farther, we find that the atoms constituting the cells existed in a diffused and gaseous state. Carrying our investigation forward we find that decomposition is followed by disintegration; and this disintegration passes his substance again into the gaseous state. At these two extremes all knowledge of the individual begins and ends.

But what we want to understand is that that which is true of the individual is equally true of every collection of individuals and every state of existence in the universe. We travel over our vast country and find on some plain, many miles from the confines of civilization, a granite boulder. Its smooth and glossy surface shows that it has reflected back the rays of the sun and held its refractory breast against the storms of earth for many centuries. As men, distinguished from all other sentient creatures, we ask ourselves the question, how came it there? Our knowledge and reason convinces us that it did not grow and develop in that spot; that no matter how long it has been in that particular locality, it has a history back of the time it was deposited there. We find, upon investigation, that it was brought thousands of miles by the great ice drifts during the glacial period. But we are not satisfied. How came it to acquire its present form, its composition and its color? Proceeding with our inquiry, we find that it once existed in a liquid form in a state of intense heat

and that it obtained its present form by condensation and deposit during its cooling period. Still we are unsatisfied. How came the constituent elements to separate from all others and, congregating, to form this particular granite? This carries us back into the realms of meteorology and we demonstrate beyond question that it once existed in a diffused, incoherent, gaseous state. And here we reach the border line of human knowledge, the unbounded sea of the unknowable, a waveless, tideless ocean, beyond whose shores in this mortal life the God of infinity has written his edict: "Thou shalt never pass." Here is the shore line of all knowledge, beyond which no thoughts will ever sail. Why? Because finite mind can never comprehend or fathom one atom of infinity. If it could comprehend it, that very comprehension would prove its finite character.

But from this border line we can and do take up our subject, and by retracing our steps we secure what we may call a unified conception of this boulder, a real knowledge of its existence.

We are coming now to the one great law of the universe, so let us carefully mark the result of its persistent effort. We have now traced this most dense and refractory object to its original gaseous and incoherent state. Every atom is now liberated, every atom is in a violent state of oscillation and agitation, each one subject to the slightest impulse. Complete liberty of the units and absolute instability of the mass is the result. Three features of its state impress us: Individual liberty, individual activity, composite instability:

1. Every atom now moves around and among its kind and through space without cohesion, with ease and almost unrestricted freedom—Individual Liberty.

2. Every atom is in most violent motion, oscillation and vibration—Individual Activity.

3. The entire mass is practically devoid of the power of resistance or impression—Composite Instability.

Now what occurs in this gaseous mass, this incoherent homogeneity as consolidation or concentration progresses? Its atoms, by condensation, combine and form themselves into what we call molecules. As condensation proceeds, the molecules reform themselves into clusters or crystals. And these in turn combine with other clusters or groups to constitute the granite. This is of interest to the scientific student; but what is of more consequence to us, because within it is the universal law of the evolution of all things, is what takes place internally—in the relation of the parts to each other during this transformation from mere gaseous substances to solid granite. What phenomena ever accompany this progressive consolidation? This is important to know because in this simple transformation is epitomized the law of all development. All material things and all social organizations follow the same route.

We find as concentration progresses, as the atoms consolidate into the molecules, they surrender their relative motion. The molecules in turn surrender their motion as they unite to form the boulder. Here every molecule and atom is comparatively at rest. In other words each constituent has lost its liberty, its freedom, its independence of motion and its activity. But the mass, what has it gained? It has gained stability in the place of instability. In other words, it has gained, by the coherence of its constituent atoms, in stability just what those individual atoms have lost in liberty and independence; nothing more, nothing less. We, however, comprehend the enormous gain in the change from the gaseous to the granite state, only as we recognize the power for impact or for resistance of the solid granite, as compared with the

weakness of the unstable ages.

How may these successive changes in an evolved body be expressed? We know of no formula better than that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, which we believe aptly covers the process through which every existence must pass in its conscious or sensible history, from the imperceptible to the perceptible, and from the perceptible to the imperceptible again, and which we call evolution. This, he defines as "An integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." And the exact opposite of this, repeated in the inverse order, is dissolution.

Accompanying these changes, we must never lose sight of the dissipation of motion of component parts. Concentration can only progress at the expense of liberty of motion and independence of every atom constituting the object—the mass. "These are truisms," says Spencer. "Constituent parts cannot aggregate without losing some of their relative motion and they cannot separate without more motion being given to them." And again: "The axiom which we have to recognize is that a progressing consolidation involves a decrease of internal motion—and that an increase of internal motion involves a progressing unconsolidation."

The fact that any organic substance may, by the application of heat, be converted from solid to liquid, and by greater heat from liquid to inappreciable gas; and by the elimination of this force called heat it will again assume, first, its liquid and then its solid substance, presupposes not only that it reached its present form by condensation from a diffused and incoherent condition, but that at some time in the future it will again be converted into its gaseous or

imperceptible form. In fact this is now so well known that demonstration is no longer called for.

In this formula, this brief statement, is contained the life of every atom and of every aggregate, from the microscopic cell to the globe itself—from the solar system to the universe. By actual tests and by hypotheses which can be demonstrated in a thousand ways with mathematical precision, we know that every body, whether organic or inorganic, has reached its present sensible state either directly or indirectly by a concentration from a diffused, gaseous condition. And by the inevitable persistence of the same law will in the end by a diffusion reach again its gaseous or imperceptible condition. No one will question today that the same force which moulds the drop of rain created the world; that the same law which separates the millions of drops, the beneficent shower, developed and moulded the countless worlds of the illimitable skies.

Now let us apply this law of evolution and dissolution, this unerring rule, in reading the development of human society and governments as we do in explaining the development of the rock or the flower, and we have a guide to assist our mental vision which will show us the limit of our efforts and above all enable us to comprehend what will be the final result of the force governing and controlling our social destiny.

The dim horizons of history and anthropology show us man, an atom, free, independent, unchecked and unhindered in his actions by his own kind—free as the air he breathes, emperor of his own desires. Contemporaneous with this condition we behold mankind as a mass, without coherence, without stability, devoid of all power of combined resistance or combined aggression, each individual living out his own separate special existence—the gaseous, incoherent state of humanity. We next observe the genesis of integration, the

beginning of crystallization long before the advent of civilization—the wandering family of antiquity—the combination of atoms into molecules. Then follows the uniting of many families of one blood into tribes and clans—the combination of molecules into clusters. We next behold the subjugation of the weaker tribes by the stronger, forming by condensation, by greater combination, the small nations of earlier days, the growth of these smaller nations by absorption of adjoining provinces—the final combination of many nations or states into an empire—every empire now adding to its territorial domains by the subjugation of older empires—the absorption of the Indias, the Chinas, the Africas and the Australias—the condition of today. And, by the same law, this will necessarily be followed in due time by the absorption of all empires and all people into one great organized whole, the fruition of the force of evolution, and this will then be followed, as sure as the unchangeable law of omnipotence, by disintegration and dissolution.

Now in this crystallization of human society what has been gained and what lost in past ages, and what will be gained and what lost by future concentration?

Those who have followed thus far anticipate the answer. In the first rude step toward government, the family union, each individual surrendered a portion of his liberty, his freedom of action, his independence—surrendered a fraction of his own inclination, will and desire to the family; and the group gained in stability and strength the equivalent of the surrendered energy of all its component parts—an added power which could be used for resistance or aggression, for the defense, or for the aggrandizement of the whole; and in which benefit each constituent part shared. But, just to the extent that the individual surrendered his free-

dom of action, his independence of thought, just to that extent he became individually impotent and dependent upon the group for guidance and protection. There was no gain without a corresponding loss. And so when these family groups, each an entity, united into tribes, they surrendered the independence and the liberty of the group as an entity and gained in its place greater stability and increased power, both for offense and defense. In each advanced growth, by the uniting or coalescence of nations or empires—each new product gaining in stability and power, accomplished by its conserved and combined energy objects which turned to blessings for itself and humanity, objects which otherwise could never have been accomplished. All the great blessings, the luxuries of life, are possible only because of this greater combination. But all have been purchased by a surrender of liberty of action and thought and opinion—the imprisonment of old desires and hereditary traits.

All industries have followed the same development, the same process of evolution. In the earlier or barbarous state of man each person, in his own unaided and awkward manner, manufactured without combination every article of his raiment or food and every weapon or tool necessary for his maintenance. But the moment one became the maker of arrows, another the weaver of fabrics, another the moulder of pottery, then each surrendered to the body, the mass, a portion of his independence and his skill, and to that extent became dependent upon all the others. So, too, when individuals of the same craft formed themselves into companies for the production of their particular wares, each one, by performing only a specific portion of the labor required to complete an article, lost his ability, his skill, except in the particular line of his labor. But the organization itself gained en

masse the sum total of what all the individuals lost. These industrial organizations, by the same law of evolution, have grown greater and greater by combination of groups—by incorporation—and have finally culminated in combinations of corporations and great industrial organizations until we behold practically all of certain lines of industries united under one head. The merchant handling a single line of goods is fast disappearing in our great cities; the immense department stores have usurped his enterprise, and he, the once master of a smaller combination, has become the servant of a greater one. This is the present status. What will be the future? Unless this very law which we have been discussing, a law which has existed through eternity, a law whose mighty power has moulded the universe and guided the sweep of planets, this law which created the world and of which the human race itself is but a product,—unless this law is to be arrested by the feeble will of its own creature, the culmination, the final stage, will be one great control of all industries by one power—that power the government itself—paternalism—control first by great combinations of individuals and corporations, then by cities and other municipalities, then by the federal government, and lastly by the one world power.

There may be checks and delays, but it requires slight observation to understand that all forces, social, political, and industrial, not only in this country but throughout the civilized world, are irresistibly tending toward this end, each year with greater momentum and accelerated speed.

Municipalities all over the country are fast usurping lines of industries heretofore controlled by private individuals only—transportation, lighting, water supply and the like. Franchises by cities and villages to private individuals are being strenuously opposed throughout the country and city, and village

ownership earnestly advocated.

The states for many years have owned and conducted their own schools, and are every day adding to their corporate functions. Nations own their own railways, canals, telegraph lines, postoffices and postal service, and are every day extending their governmental powers over fields previously occupied by private enterprise. For years there has been a growing demand in this country for government ownership of railway, telegraph and telephone systems and all lines of transportation—a demand that the government own all the real estate, and lately a further demand that the government own and control the great coal supply of the country. These are evidences of the influence and activity of the one great law of evolution, condensation and concentration.

But the two great forces which are hurrying the consolidation of all industries under one control at almost terrific speed, comparatively, hurrying the work toward paternalism, are capital combination on the one side and labor organization on the other. The one, by its control of the necessities and luxuries of life, threatening the welfare of the mass—creating a grave apprehension of evil; the other, by its ever insistent demand for higher and still higher wages, until it shall share equally in the profits of any industry, enhancing the price of every product beyond the ability of the consumer to purchase, until the latter cries for governmental protection and control and by his vote makes his appeal effective. Organized labor forces the great packing houses to advance the wages of employees. The "Beef Trust" in turn combines against the stock men and forces down the values of live stock; combines against the consumer and forces up the cost of necessary food products; overawes the great railway corporations and secures such special service and preferential rates as will enable it to destroy competition.

The railways groan under the tyranny of industrial combination. The robbed public cries for national legislation which will prevent discriminating rates and privileges and open the doors of competition. The stock man, the fruit and dairy men appeal for protection. The cry is for government control of the railways. But government control, such as is asked for, is the first step toward government ownership. The latter must inevitably follow in time.

The conduct of the Oil Trust is forcing state ownership of oil production in Kansas and other states. The Twine Trust is forcing state ownership of twine in Nebraska.

Labor organizations, on one hand, and combinations of real estate owners on the other hand, have doubled the cost of homes in our large cities and diminished the size of dwellings to such an extent as to make them unworthy the name, and forced the public toward a species of communism by compelling the people to live in small apartment rooms. Occupy any room in the average hotel in the City of New York for five days and you will pay for every article of furniture in that room. Actors' unions are followed by theater trusts, doubling the costs of the highest class of American amusement.

The ordinary business men, the men of limited means, the great class who belong to neither labor union nor capitalist combination, find themselves hedged in and fleeced on every side, all avenues of escape seemingly cut off. A large number of these men are studying, as never before, the question of paternalism as an antidote for this growing evil.

Government favoritism or partiality, acting on the envy of men and their sense of injustice, is also a great power pressing toward paternalism. The government pays for its clerkships a salary more than double what the same talent can command in most private businesses.

The public clamors for these positions, but few can be accommodated. The government selects a few young men over the country, educates them at naval and military schools, assures them a life of comparative ease, and pensions them in their declining years, though they may not have seen a day of war service. Like pensions are granted to the judiciary. These special privileges whet the appetite of the millions who labor for a mere existence, and old age pensions, now in the chrysalis stage of suggestion only, will be demanded for all people—another long stride into the field of paternalism.

The great middle class who pay for all these privileges to the few, those illegally imposed by combinations or voluntarily granted by the government, who bear the burden without securing the benefits, are restive. Popular education is bringing these inequalities to the attention of this class, and they will demand equal rights and privileges and by their votes give effectiveness to that demand.

The voters of the city of Chicago have just declared, by an overwhelming majority, in favor of municipal ownership of street railways. The public, which suffers most in the interrupted service due to the ever recurring differences between the owners of street railways and their employes, joined the latter in pressing for municipal ownership as the only apparent relief. The immense increase in the socialist vote, both in Germany and this country, during the greatest prosperity either has known, evidences this strong drift of public sentiment. Paternalism is the inevitable end of all social tendencies. As suggested, this in the end will inevitably be followed by a world socialism—not socialism as generally understood—not anarchy with no law, but one government and one people, regulated more than ever by laws and dependent and depending the one upon the other.

And again the inquiry, What the gain and what the loss to the human family, either as we progress toward, or reach the goal of our destiny? And first of the gain. All power is acquired by the concentration of units of energy. The scattered energies of a hundred million people count for nothing. It is only when they are combined or directed by a single will or impulse in any direction that their enormous power becomes apparent.

And when we consider what a minute portion of the energy of the people is surrendered to the nation itself, and how much is expended for the comfort of the individual as distinguished from the mass, and what percentage of that energy is absolutely squandered on unimportant and unnecessary products, the mighty armies of men whose labors conduce to the comforts or convenience of a comparatively few, the retinue of non-producing servants, the idle, we get some idea of the enormous concentrated power which could be wielded by a government that could conserve this surplus wasted energy, this squandered resource, and whose every atom could be moved as in response to one will—a power which, if directed in the line of securing the greatest number of blessings, would obtain a thousand-fold greater than the world has ever known. Its economy in saving the waste alone would be beyond computation. The fire that warms and the oil or electric current that lights a family of three could as well give comfort and brilliancy to a hundred. It is useless to give the thousand of instances where economy-conserved energy,—now squandered by the world individually—could be utilized for the benefit of the world collectively. Comforts unknown and now undreamed of could be lured out of the earth below and the atmosphere surrounding us.

These are the benefits, but what the price paid by the individual; what will the unit—the man and the woman—pay

for this grandeur, this ease, this relief from the worries incident to a struggle for individual progress? The surrender of his individuality; the dwarfing of every function that makes for perfect manhood and perfect womanhood—the perpetual imprisonment of the potential possibilities of life and the final decay of the mind and the soul. This is the inevitable consequence when man becomes a mere machine, a working tool whose action and activity is governed entirely by some other portion of the immense social machine of which he is a minute part. Now what real benefit if the world be glorified, when such glory is secured by the resulting degradation of its every individual atom?

The real happiness of every person depends upon the normal development of every faculty of the brain, and there can be no normal development unless there be both the opportunity and the necessity for the exercise of those faculties—every one of them. Too much stress cannot be given to the word necessity.

To appreciate that mere clerkships, subservient positions without hope of ever measuring up to the height of one's capabilities, without opportunity to round out one's nature and qualities, unfit the average citizen for the ordinary duties of life, destroy his courage, place him out of harmony with the diversified activities of the world, one only need to observe the utter helplessness of the average government clerk, the man or woman, when he or she is no longer a parasite on government employment. The hope of every intelligent father is not that his son may become a well paid clerk but that he may become a broad minded, well developed business man.

By what process has man developed and left all other creatures far below him in the scale of intelligence? Why, unlike all other species, has he continued to grow and develop in mental

power long after his physical form has ceased to change or increase its power? Mental struggle for supremacy is the answer. The struggle not only to maintain himself on an equality, but to raise himself above his fellow beings. This is the mainspring of his continued mental development. Every faculty of his brain has been kept trained to its utmost capacity. Responsive to this effort, the brain itself has grown in size and weight, appreciated in quality and has deepened its fissures and convolutions; and strong, fully developed faculties have been transmitted to offspring, who in turn, by forced use adding to their strength and capacity, have transmitted the enhanced mental power to their children.

Eliminate now the law of the survival of the fittest; eliminate the necessity for self reliance; bring the great bulk of humanity under a rule which fixes each one within the narrow walls of an environment he cannot overleap; remove the incentive for individual exertion, the incentive to rise above his fellow man, the necessity for the exercise of individual judgment and foresight; narrow the realm of business possibilities and opportunities, and by the non-use of all the faculties now so necessary for individual success, the non-use of all faculties except the one required within the line of those walls, you weaken the intellect, destroy the equilibrium of the several mental faculties, cripple the natural impulses of the human soul and dull the capability for happiness. The moment you reach a complete unification of the people under one paternal government, you have reached the ripened stage of development, and decay and dissolution will follow. Toward this is all social evolution tending.

Now what lesson may we learn from the consideration of this subject? Where will we find the dividing belt of comparative safety between the instability

of the mass in non-organized or lowly organized society with its weakness and inefficiency and the higher centralized state with its greater collective power, but with its tendency to destroy and weaken individuality? How arrest the too rapid evolution toward that to be avoided state, completed concentration? We will find the correct line of demarcation at that point where the greatest amount of individual opportunity and liberty of action is retained consistent with a reasonably strong and compact nationality.

By no process can we check the ultimate ripening of the fruit, or arrest entirely the integrating force of natural law. But human intelligence does count for something in social evolution. Our will power may not prevent our individual development and growth from childhood to manhood nor prevent the final senile decay, but we can, by our intelligence, lengthen this period, hold the equilibrium between evolution and dissolution for a longer period, by prudence, by avoidance of excesses and by proper exercise of all the faculties, muscles and organs. So also can we, by proper and judicious laws, so govern our social conduct as to slacken to a considerable extent our velocity toward paternalism—by discouraging socialistic or paternal tendencies—by keeping the avenues of business open for the exercise of the energy and competition of each member of the nation's population—by so conducting our body politic that it will sustain and keep separate the home and the home life of each family, and, above all, by preventing the government itself from acquiring and conducting the business and the industries of the country which rightfully belong to the people. Every enlargement of the field of governmental control over our industries narrows to that extent the field of individual opportunity.

The complaint is universal that the great department stores rival and de-

stroy all other special retail business, and thereby destroy the value of other business property in our large cities. This, however, is but one phase of the hundreds of forms of business concentration going on all over the country and over the civilized world, cutting off individual opportunity and clipping the wings of individual hope and aspirations. These great business concerns, unlike the trusts, so-called, hold their control of trade by the law of competition. By reason of their greater economy in operation, they are able to sell cheaper than smaller concerns. This little gain to the people, however, does not compensate them for their destroyed opportunities.

But because the great combinations are able to cheapen the comforts and luxuries of life, the world, which by a law as certain as gravitation follows the course of least resistance, will ever yield obedience to their sway. Given a choice between greater individual opportunity in the future and cheaper products in the present, the world will choose the latter because its influence is first and most directly felt. Let us take a simple illustration: If all the retail trade in a great city could be divided fairly between all dealers, then all could be reasonably prosperous. Thousands of opportunities would blossom into life, giving hope to aspiring ambitions and a fertility of soil wherein individual energy and good judgment might develop and bring forth their delicious fruit of fulfilled desires. Now the public knows this and believes it; but, governed by a law which by controlling each unit controls the mass, they will purchase where they can purchase the cheapest; and as these great department stores can sell at a lower margin they will secure the business of the mass. The hope of the future is sacrificed for the comfort of the present.

Now we are not going to change

human nature, and hence we are not going to stop our progress toward greater and ever greater industrial combinations. They but answer the demand of the public. But by legislating as far as possible so as to protect the field of individual opportunity against the usurpation of great combinations, we may delay the process of rapid inte-

gration and its consequent evils. Every effort of the nation, therefore, should be directed toward the preservation of individual liberty and opportunity.

The government should be for the people, and not the people for the government.

GRANDEST MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD,
RATHER THAN GREATEST NATION.

MICHAEL RYAN, CAPITALIST

A STORY OF LABOR

By F. F. D. Albery

COLUMBUS, OHIO

(Publication of this story began in June)

V

SOCIAL GREATNESS

THE wife of Joseph Martin, M. D., prided herself upon her fine social position. True, it was recent. The bloom of youth was distinctly apparent upon it, and all the infirmities of youth were also present, but in her mind it was fixed and permanent and her greatest pride was in the fact that she herself had created it, and she was often heard to say, with swelling bosom, that she had "made" a position for herself.

Before her marriage to the young man who finally won her consent to marry, she had many affairs and so-called engagements to certain flashy men who traveled for the trade and whose acquaintance was usually made at her father's hotel, where they stopped with excessive impedimenta in the way of sample cases, or possibly they may have been picked up on the street—mere passing acquaintances, as it were.

She was good looking and always well

dressed, for the father was successful in his business, and she demanded and received more than the daughters of most rich men because her life was a semi-public one and, as the doting father thought, part of the establishment. So she dressed extravagantly and spent money lavishly and became, in certain circles, quite popular. The indiscriminate engagements were, however, broken off one by one, because the young woman had a well defined notion of rising in the social world; but when the young man with a profession came along and announced himself as willing to take the chances of happiness or otherwise with her, it seemed that her time had come, and she proceeded to land her catch, and thereafter rose in the social scale immeasurably, as compared with the society afforded by the hotel and its clientage. So it happened that all her old-time friends had been distanced and discarded and she "moved in circles" with certain other dames of similar antecedents who insisted that they constituted society in its most important features in the city by the lake. Many of these ladies were excellent but misguided per-

sons, who followed all the prevailing fads, read all the latest novels, paid scrupulous attention to the matter of calls and cards, social functions great and small, had it all charged to their husbands, who paid as regularly as their incomes permitted, swallowed many things uncomplainingly including much stuff prepared by hired help, saw little but were correspondingly proud of their haughty consorts.

In the pursuit of their ambition it was necessary to play whist, and, as the fad was at its highest, they followed it diligently, so that frequently all the half-days in a week would be consumed in this intellectual pastime. Household duties, obligations to husbands and children, were never allowed to interfere, and instances were on record where sickness and even death had entered households without interrupting or delaying the game.

On this particular day it was at the house of Mrs. Chamberlain, who, in the language of the society column, "gave a whist," and conversation of the usual sort was interlarded between hands.

"Poor, dear Mrs. Carter, it's too bad about her little girl dying; and, just to think, she had counted so on being here today on account of your guest from New York, Miss Marks," said the metamorphosed dressmaker.

"Well, I guess she can be with us next Friday at the Friday Club," languidly sighed the wife of the drygoods magnate; "the funeral is today and it'll be all right, as there will be only four tables."

"Do you draw a line at the number of tables?" asked Mrs. Gill, with some significance in her inflection.

"Oh yes, of course," responded the lady with the pudgy fingers and innumerable rings. "Society would be shocked if there was more than four tables, so soon after a death in the family. I read in the society column in the Sentinel that less than five tables was all

right with mourning, so I hain't no doubt but what she'll come."

"Between you and I," confidently added Mrs. Wright,—she of the Juno form and eye of the ox—"I fail to see the difference between four and five tables; but I suppose society must have some rules, and that seems to be one of them."

The wife of the plumber now trumped her partner's trick and the game ended in some confusion and acrimony, but the conversation continued uninterrupted and naturally drifted to the ever fresh topic of wealth. Mrs. Shready's husband had made a great deal in the last street railroad consolidation. Mr. Murphy had sold out his mine in Missouri at a great advance. The Widow Williams had made fortunate investments in stocks, and all their acquaintances were prospering. The announcements were such as to challenge response, and Mrs. Shackelford, feeling called upon to keep up with the rest, said:

"Well, if our new machine for manufacturing iron goes through all right, I wouldn't exchange places with any of them."

"Among those present," as the society column in the daily paper was wont to put it, was Mrs. Gill, wife of the member of the firm of Kruger, Gill & Wamser, who, having heard her husband refer to the Ryan case, was impressed with what seemed to be a coincidence, and in order to satisfy her curiosity asked a few leading questions, which resulted in the general information that Mrs. Shackelford's husband had purchased an invention for which application was pending before the patent office and which was thought to be wonderful in its possibilities. Mr. Gill, in his frank, open way, had frequently referred to Ryan and his invention, and had even, on one or two occasions, mentioned Mr. Shackelford as having some connection with it, so that when what

seemed to be so important a matter to the Shackelfords was introduced at the whist party, it at once fixed itself in the mind of Mrs. Gill as an unusually strange coincidence, and she determined to tell her husband about it. But the conversation now drifted into other channels.

The house of the Chamberlains, where the meeting was held today, was one of those gaudy, modern affairs produced by so-called architects in compliance with the demands of the nouveau riche, and which have been properly described as "Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann in the rear." There was a surplus of machine-made forms about the corners and gable ends, and a richness of colored and plate glass which, added to certain oriental effects in deep red and gilt in the interior, suggested a barber shop rather than a home. Display was paramount. Costly vases, pictures with deep frames and shallow merit, beautiful flowers, alleged bric-a-brac—an elaborate show of new things entirely in tone with the newness of the owners of the scene where they now assumed to act an awkward part.

The ladies in rich toilets, as at an evening function, were beautiful in décolleté gowns. They were for the most part healthy dames, with robust arms and generous bosoms which ended in well rounded shoulders and full necks, which made a beautiful background for the strings of jewels they all wore, evidently in competition with each other; and I fear even to guess at the value of the diamonds worn on the four and twenty hands whose finger nails had only an hour before emerged from the basins of fashionable manicures.

They were admiring the flowers.

"Yes," said Mrs. Chamberlain, "I think that is one of the most beautiful orchards I ever saw."

A suppressed giggle from Mrs. Gill announced to the poor dame that she had

committed some new blunder, but for the life of her she could not see what it was, and although she blushed a little the conversation continued.

"It is one of those kind of things," said Mrs. Finley, "that is hard to get. I tried the Phoenix Park Floral Company, but they didn't have one left."

"And they are awful expensive. I saw one in Chicago that cost five hundred dollars, and I would of gotten it," said the wife of the plumber, "only I wanted that twelve hundred dollar diamond so much, and I really couldn't afford both."

"Oh pshaw! the very idea!" chimed in Mrs. Mightly, who had helped her husband establish his fortune by working patiently and unceasingly with him in the undertaking business. "The idea of you a-hesitating at a little thing like that. But I must say that diamond is perfectly splendid, ain't it, Mis' Gill?"

Mrs. Gill, to whom the remark was addressed, conceded graciously that it was, and after various other extravagant expressions to the effect that it was perfectly grand and also the limit, the company dispersed with assurances that they would be present at Mrs. Gill's the next day; and with much laughter and loud talk between them as they made their way to the waiting carriages, the afternoon whist ended and Mrs. Chamberlain proceeded to telephone the details to the young woman who edited the social column in the Daily Chronicle, who was in the habit of visiting swift and terrible vengeance upon her enemies by leaving their names out of the lists of "those present," and who had won literary distinction in Mrs. Chamberlain's set by changing the stereotyped expression "Around the table was" to "She numbered 'mid her guests;" these ladies deciding, after full discussion, that the latter was much more refined and exclusive, besides being perfectly splendid.

VI

DEVELOPMENTS

Mrs. Gill lost no time in telling her husband what Mrs. Shackelford had said about the great invention which was to bring wealth and power to the Shackelford house, and the matter was in due time communicated to the other members of the firm and their attorneys, with the result that a quiet but very thorough investigation was entered upon, having for its ultimate object the proof of what was already suspected of Shackelford's treachery to his client.

In due time notice of contest was filed, and, after a full investigation, letters patent were granted to Ryan as the original inventor and Mr. Shackelford left to his remedy at law, which he discreetly decided not to pursue.

From the beginning of operations with the new machine, it was apparent that it was of incalculable value. Ryan was urged to cast his fortunes with those of the firm and eventually decided to do so, putting in his invention at a figure which would be a fortune to most men and taking at the same time the position of general manager of the works at a large salary.

Through it all he remained the same modest, cheerful, self reliant Michael Ryan he had always been, and ever kept himself on terms of equality with his old friends, the men with whom he had worked for so many years. His chief care, however, was always directed toward helping them and bettering their condition. He went out of his way to consult them about all matters relating to their work and tested by all means in his power the individual capacity of each man. He was especially anxious to develop any spark of genius which might appear and encouraged them to experiment with a view to anything that might be turned into profitable inventions. If a man had an idea, it must be tried in all possible

ways, and the machine shop was always open to anyone of them who cared to use it for that purpose. Notwithstanding this disposition, there were always those to whom jealousy came as a blind to the great nature of the man. The world is full of people who cannot brook another's success, and the vast works which he now controlled contained its full quota of such. Kitchen and his gang of malcontents could not rejoice in Ryan's success, and the poison had got in the veins of his old friend Hall, who in the meantime had fallen into lax habits of work and some degree of dissipation. Ryan had not failed to notice this and sought in many ways to rouse him to a sense of duty, and even went so far as to throw responsibility on him for which he was not really fitted, in the hope of encouraging him; but his melancholia was gradually getting the best of him, and he became petulant and unreasonable. His manner toward Ryan was morose and disagreeable. When he could he avoided him, and when that became impossible he had little to say, and never began a conversation. They never argued the old questions about labor and capital, because Ryan found it impossible to keep Hall from quarrelling, and Hall resisted all overtures of friendly assistance. He had years ago married and had several children, bright little fellows who were by this time old enough to go to school, and Ryan, through his mother, had prevailed upon Mrs. Hall to accept many favors in the way of practical assistance which Hall was too blind to observe, but which he might have known could not possibly come from the scant allowance he made to his wife.

Why Ryan had never married he himself would have been at a loss to tell, except that he had always felt that his first great duty was to see his mother safeguarded against any possibility of want in her old age, and, now that point was past, a responsibility of the same

sort seemed to be thrust upon him in the shape of the helpless wife and children of his old boy friend, Charlie Hall, who, while practically dead to him, and in many things his actual enemy, was still his friend, for Ryan saw all his weakness and forgave him wherein it touched himself, feeling in that large minded way which it had been given to him to feel that we are all in some degree responsible for the sins of others. At all events, he ascribed Hall's failures to a weakness of nature for which he was not responsible. Hall had not been given the lion heart and the indomitable will. His was not the clear vision and the cheerful mood; and where the Almighty, for His own good reasons, had blessed some men and cleared the way for them, He had withheld His favors from poor Charlie Hall and made his path of thorns and pitfalls. Ryan could even see, he thought, how easy it would be for such a one to find consolation in drink, for that meant oblivion for the time being and dulled the edge of misery. So that, no matter how low down in the scale Hall went, or how far estranged he himself would be, it was always Ryan who spoke the first good word and held out the helping hand; but, because these were often repulsed and refused, Ryan sought, by many thoughtful devices, ways in which he could help the wife and children without knowledge on Hall's part that it was being done. Being now a rich man and in command of vast interests it was quite easy for him to do so, and in many instances to make Hall believe he was earning more than he possibly could.

So the time wore on. The seasons came and went, and middle age had settled down upon them, the one a morose, sickly, discontented man whose life had been a failure, the other successful, great hearted and useful to all his kind.

VII

THE REVIVAL

The little frame church on the edge of the city near the great works of Kruger, Gill & Wamser was the scene from time to time of those awakenings of the spirit which excitable souls seem to get comfort out of. Famous exhorters would come that way, and then the whole factory population apparently would become affected, saving only those who adhered to the church of Rome. Denominational lines among the Protestants were not very distinct, and the fervor of those allied to the organization in question carried them beyond all doctrinal boundaries. Converts frequently came from rival flocks under pressure of the tremendous excitement during these revivals, being swept away by an influence engendered by the power of the evangelist, the fervor of the prayers and the inspiration of the hymns.

It was Saturday evening, and the little house of God was crowded to suffocation. Even the windows were full, so that ventilation was quite cut off, while the great barrel stove in the center, fired to almost a white heat, gave off sickening odors of sulphur mixed with tobacco fumes and added to the discomfort of the situation.

On a low platform at one end of the room stood a venerable man with gray hair and a fatherly expression, who clapped his hands together continuously and shouted:

"Come on, come on. Now is the time. Come brothers! Seek the Lord in His holy temple! Come forward and get the spirit! Bless God, oh my soul! Get forgiveness! Repent before it is too late! Save your souls! Stand no longer in darkness, but come up and see the Lord face to face!"

Then as one pushed his way through the crowd to reach the mourners' bench: "Come on, brother. That's right!

Another soul saved. Another heart made happy."

At this point he broke out in an old fashioned tune and sang, the whole congregation joining him and swaying back and forth as they sang:

"I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free,
Salvation's free for you and me;
I'm glad salvation's free."

The song continued at great length and was repeated again and again, the crowd in the meantime working itself up to fever heat. While they were still singing the exhorter was seen to fall on his knees, and at the signal the whole congregation knelt while the preacher wrestled with the Lord, waving his arms aloft and demanding the presence of the Spirit among these His people. During the prayer there were shoutings of "Amen, amen", "Come, Lord", "Come, Lord Jesus", and in the midst of it all one who had been kneeling at the mourners' bench jumped up and called above the din: "I've got it! I've got it!" and was immediately surrounded by shouting, weeping and singing brothers and sisters who slapped him on the back, embraced and kissed him, shouting at the top of their lungs: "Praise the Lord!" "Glory to God!" "Come, Lord Jesus!" Then another song was started:

"I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing;
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

The atmosphere was stifling. The heat was intense and several of the women had fainted. One had gone into a trance, a common occurrence with her, and one had fallen flat on her back on the floor, where she remained apparently unconscious and with no effort at help on the part of the other enthusiasts.

The wonder was that she was not trodden on, but aside from being in the way and the necessity of stepping over her, it seemed to make no sort of difference to the others, who were either so absorbed in their own devotions or considered it so much a matter of course that they paid no attention to her whatever.

The rumor of the great revival and the good that was being done in the way of saving souls had penetrated all quarters, and many an abandoned one and many self condemning ones sought to find comfort and solace and forgiveness of sins through the over-wrought influences there working, and more than one poor wife living with a drunken or debased husband had exerted her influence to get her unhappy consort interested in the meetings in the desperate hope that good might come of it.

And so it happened that Hall's wife, disbelieving but hoping, had induced her husband to go with her to hear the great exhorter.

They were seated well back and had simply looked on, but succumbing to the influence present had both joined in the hymns. The crowd was now shouting:

"I once was lost
But now I'm found,
Was blind but now I see—
Was blind but now I see—
Was blind but now I see:
I once was lost
But now I'm found,
Was blind but now I see."

Other words to this hymn there certainly were; but the crowd only sang these, only cared to know these, for in their deep earnestness these few simple lines embraced the whole scheme of salvation, and why should they say more? From the darkness of sin they had come to the light of reformation and forgiveness and all the sermons in the world, all the proofs, all the arguments of the learned could do no more.

It was all they wanted and all they needed, and comfort and peace came therewith.

Now the venerable preacher was moving about among the people, exhorting them each one in turn to go to the mourners' bench. When he reached the bench where Hall and his wife sat, he stooped over and putting his hand on Hall's shoulder said: "My brother, wouldn't you like to have the dear Lord for a friend?" Hall bowed his head on the back of the seat in front of him and burst into tears. Then his wife began crying, and the minister knelt down and prayed fervently that his Father, our Lord, our good Friend, would help this dear brother to peace and happiness. Others had grouped themselves about him, and before he knew it Hall was on his way to the mourners' bench surrounded by shouting, jubilant professors of the faith, who prayed and sang and gave glory to God for the new convert who now confessed his sins and professed religion.

The meeting kept up without much variation till long after midnight, when physical strength seemed to be exhausted and nature demanded rest. As they were about to disband someone started the good old camp meeting song:

"I do believe without a doubt—

Oh, glory hallelujah!

That Christians have a right to shout—

Oh, glory hallelujah!"

Most of them said, it is true, "That Christians has a right to shout," but that only seemed to make the song more fitting to the occasion and the people and did not in the least dampen the ardor of any of them.

Thereafter Hall and his wife attended regularly all the meetings, including the "experience meetings," at which Hall became a constant and favorite speaker, for he talked well and was very frank in admitting his own shortcomings.

It must be confessed that as long as it lasted it did him great good, for he quit the meetings of the anarchists at their saloon headquarters, paid more attention to his wife and family and did so much better work that Ryan created a new place for him in which his duties were more congenial and which made an excuse for higher wages; and not only his family but all his real friends rejoiced and spoke kindly of the good work which was being done at the little church with its fantastic rites.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SONG

By Sir John Suckling

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Pr'y thee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Pr'y thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Pr'y thee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Pr'y thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:

The devil take her!

AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

By L. M. Montgomery

CAVENDISH, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA

FATE, in the guise of Mrs. Emory dropping a milk can on the platform under his open window, awakened Murray that morning. Had not Mrs. Emory dropped that can, he would have slumbered peacefully until his usual hour for rising—a late one, be it admitted, for of all the boarders at Sweetbriar Cottage Murray was the most irregular in his habits.

"When a young man," Mrs. Emory was wont to remark sagely and a trifle severely, "prowls about that pond half of the night, a-chasing of things what he calls 'moonlight effects,' it ain't to be wondered at that he's sleepy in the morning. And it ain't the convenientest thing, nuther and noways, to keep the breakfast table set till the farm folks are thinking of dinner. But them artist men are not like other people, say what you will, and allowances has to be made for them. And I must say that I likes him real well and approves of him every other way."

If Murray had slept late that morning—well, he shudders yet over that "if." But aforesaid Fate saw to it that he woke when the hour of destiny and the milk can struck, and having awakened he found he could not go to sleep again. It suddenly occurred to him that he had never seen a sunrise on the pond. Doubtless it would be very lovely down there in those dewy meadows at such a primitive hour; he decided to get up and see what the world looked like in the young daylight.

He scowled at a letter lying on his dressing table and thrust it into his pocket that it might be out of sight. He had written it the night before and the writing of it was going to cost him several things—a prospective million among others. So it is hardly to be

wondered at if the sight of it did not reconcile him to the joys of early rising.

"Dear life and heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Emory, pausing in the act of scalding a milk can when Murray emerged from a side door. "What on earth is the matter, Mr. Murray? You ain't sick, now, surely? I told you them pond fogs was p'isen after night! If you've gone and got—"

"Nothing is the matter, dear lady," interrupted Murray, "and I haven't gone and got anything except an acute attack of early rising which is not in the least likely to become chronic. But at what hour of the night do you get up, you wonderful woman? Or rather do you ever go to bed at all? Here is the sun only beginning to rise and—positively yes, you have all your cows milked."

Mrs. Emory purred with delight.

"Folks as has fourteen cows to milk has to rise betimes," she answered with proud humility. "Laws, I don't complain—I've lots of help with the milking. How Mrs. Palmer manages, I really cannot comperhend—or rather, how she has managed. I suppose she'll be all right now since her niece came last night. I saw her posting to the pond pasture not ten minutes ago. She'll have to milk all them seven cows herself. But dear life and heart! Here I be palavering away and not a bite of breakfast ready for you!"

"I don't want any breakfast until the regular time for it," assured Murray. "I'm going down to the pond to see the sun rise."

"Now don't you go and get caught in the ma'sh," anxiously called Mrs. Emory, as she never failed to do when she saw him starting for the pond. Nobody ever had got caught in the marsh,

but Mrs. Emory lived in a chronic state of fear lest someone should.

"And if you once got stuck in that black mud you'd be sucked right down and never seen or heard tell of again till the day of judgment, like Adam Palmer's cow," she was wont to warn her boarders.

Murray sought his favorite spot for pond dreaming—a bloomy corner of the pasture that ran down into the blue water, with a clump of leafy maples on the left. He was very glad he had risen early. A miracle was being worked before his very eyes. The world was in a flush and tremor of maiden loveliness, instinct with all the marvelous fleeting charm of girlhood and Spring and young morning. Overhead, the sky was a vast, high-sprung arch of unstained crystal. Down over the sand dunes, where the pond ran out into the sea, was a great arc of primrose smitten through with auroral crimsonings. Beneath it the pond waters shimmered with a hundred fairy hues, but just before him they were clear as a flawless mirror. The fields around him glistened with dews and a little, wandering wind, blowing lightly from some bourne in the hills, strayed down over the slopes, bringing with it an unimaginable odor and freshness and fluttered over the pond, leaving a little path of dancing silver ripples across the mirror-glory of the water. Birds were singing in the beech woods over on Orchard Knob Farm, answering to each other from shore to shore, until the very air was tremulous with the elfin music of this wonderful mid-Summer dawn.

"I will get up at sunrise every morning of my life hereafter," exclaimed Murray rapturously, not meaning a syllable of it, but devoutly believing he did.

Just as the fiery disk of the sun peered over the sand dunes Murray heard music that was not of the birds.

It was a girl's voice singing beyond the maples to his left—a clear, sweet voice, blithely trilling out the old-fashioned song, "Five O'clock in the Morning.

"Mrs. Palmer's niece!"

Murray sprang to his feet and tiptoed cautiously through the maples. He had heard so much from Mrs. Palmer about her niece that he felt reasonably well acquainted with her. Moreover, Mrs. Palmer had assured him that Mollie was a very pretty girl. Now a pretty girl milking cows at sunrise in the meadows sounded well.

Mrs. Palmer had not over-rated her niece's beauty. Murray said so to himself, with a little whistle of amazement, as he leaned unseen on the pasture fence and looked at the girl who was milking a placid Jersey less than ten yards away from him. Murray's artistic instinct responded to the whole scene with a thrill of satisfaction.

He could see only her profile, but that was perfect, and the coloring of the oval cheek and the beautiful curve of the chin were something to adore. Her hair, ruffled into lovable little ringlets by the morning wind, was coiled in glistening, chestnut masses high on her bare head, and her arms, bare to the elbow, were as white as marble. Presently she began to sing again, and this time Murray joined in. She half rose from her milking stool and cast a startled glance at the maples. Then she dropped back again and began to milk determinedly, but Murray could have sworn that he saw a demure smile hovering about her lips. That, and the revelation of her full face, decided him. He sprang over the fence and sauntered across the intervening space of lush clover blossoms.

"Good morning," he said coolly. He had forgotten her other name, and it did not matter; at five o'clock in the morning people who met in dewy clover fields might disregard the conventionalities. "Isn't it rather a large contract

for you to be milking seven cows all alone? May I help you?"

Mollie looked up at him over her shoulder. She had glorious gray eyes. Her face was serene and undisturbed. "Can you milk?" she asked.

"Unlikely as it may seem, I can," said Murray. "I have never confessed it to Mrs. Emory, because I was afraid she would inveigle me into milking her fourteen cows. But I don't mind helping you. I learned to milk when I was a shaver on my vacations at a grandfatherly farm. May I have that extra pail?"

Murray captured a milking stool and rounded up another Jersey. Before sitting down he seemed struck with an idea.

"My name is Arnold Murray. I board at Sweetbriar Cottage, next farm to Orchard Knob. That makes us near neighbors."

"I suppose it does," said Mollie.

Murray mentally decided that her voice was the sweetest he had ever heard. He was glad he had arranged his cow at such an angle that he could study her profile. It was amazing that Mrs. Palmer's niece should have such a profile. It looked as if centuries of fine breeding were responsible for it.

"What a morning!" he said enthusiastically. "It harks back to the days when earth was young. They must have had just such mornings as this in Eden."

"Do you always get up so early?" asked Mollie practically.

"Always," said Murray without a blush. "Then—" "But no, that is a fib, and I cannot tell fibs to you. The truth is your tribute. I never get up early. It was fate that roused me and brought me here this morning. The morning is a miracle—and you. I might suppose you were born of the sunrise, if Mrs. Palmer hadn't told me all about you."

"What did she tell you about me?" asked Mollie, changing cows. Murray

discovered that she was tall and that the big blue print apron shrouded a singularly graceful figure.

"She said you were the best looking girl in Bruce county. I have seen very few of the girls in Bruce county, but I know she is right."

"That compliment is not nearly so pretty as the sunrise one," said Mollie, reflectively. "Mrs. Palmer has told me things about you," she added.

"Curiosity knows no gender," hinted Murray.

"She said you were good looking and lazy and different from other people."

"All compliments," said Murray in a gratified tone.

"Lazy?"

"Certainly. Laziness is a virtue in these strenuous days. I was not born with it, but I have painstakingly acquired it, and I am proud of my success. I have time to enjoy life."

"I think that I like you," said Mollie.

"You have the merit of being able to enter into a situation," he assured her.

When the last Jersey was milked they carried the pails down to the spring, where the creamers were sunk, and strained the milk into them. Murray washed the pails and Mollie wiped them and set them in a gleaming row on the shelf under a big maple.

"Thank you," she said.

"You are not going yet," said Murray resolutely. "The time I saved you in milking three cows belongs to me. We will spend it in a walk along the pond shore. I will show you a path I have discovered under the beeches. It is just wide enough for two. Come."

He took her hand and drew her through the copse into a green lane, where the ferns grew thickly on either side and the pond waters plashed dreamily below them. He kept her hand in his as they went down the path, and she did not try to withdraw it. About them was the great, pure

silence of the morning, faintly threaded with caressing sounds—croon of birds, gurgle of waters, sigh of wind. The spirit of youth and love hovered over them and they spoke no word.

When they finally came out on a little green nook swimming in early sunshine and arched over by maples, with the wide shimmer of the pond before it and the gold dust of blossoms over the grass, the girl drew a long breath of delight.

"It is a morning left over from Eden, isn't it?" said Murray.

"Yes," said Mollie softly.

Murray bent toward her. "You are Eve," he said. "You are the only woman in the world—for me. Adam must have told Eve just what he thought about her the first time he saw her. There were no conventionalities in Eden—and people could not have taken long to make up their minds. We are in Eden just now. One can say what he thinks in Eden without being ridiculous. You are divinely fair, Eve. Your eyes are stars of the morning—your cheek has the flush it stole from the sunrise—your lips are redder than the roses of paradise. And I love you, Eve."

Mollie lowered her eyes and the long fringe of her lashes lay in a burnished semi-circle on her cheek.

"I think," she said slowly, "that it must have been very delightful in Eden. But we are not really there, you know—we are only playing that we are. And it is time for me to go back. I must get the breakfast—that sounds too prosaic for paradise."

Murray bent still closer.

"Before we remember that we are only playing at paradise, will you kiss me, dear Eve?"

"You are very audacious," said Mollie coldly.

"We are in Eden yet," he urged. "That makes all the difference."

"Well," said Mollie. And Murray kissed her.

They had passed back over the fern path and were in the pasture before either spoke again. Then Murray said:

"We have left Eden behind—but we can always return there when we will. And although we were only playing at paradise, I was not playing at love. I meant all I said, Mollie."

"Have you meant it often?" asked Mollie significantly.

"I never meant it—or even played at it—before," he answered. "I did—at one time—contemplate the possibility of playing at it. But that was long ago—as long ago as last night. I am glad to the core of my soul that I decided against it before I met you, dear Eve. I have the letter of decision in my coat pocket this moment. I mean to mail it this afternoon."

"Curiosity knows no gender," quoted Mollie.

"Then, to satisfy your curiosity, I must bore you with some personal history. My parents died when I was a little chap, and my uncle brought me up. He has been immensely good to me, but he is a bit of a tyrant. Recently he picked out a wife for me—the daughter of an old sweetheart of his. I have never even seen her. But she has arrived in town on a visit to some relatives there. Uncle Dick wrote to me to return home at once and pay my court to the lady. I protested. He wrote again—a letter, short and the reverse of sweet. If I refused to do my best to win Miss Mannering he would disown me—never speak to me again—cut me off with a quarter. Uncle always means what he says—that is one of our family traits, you understand. I spent some miserable, undecided days. It was not the threat of disinheritance that worried me, although when you have been brought up to regard yourself as a prospective millionaire it is rather difficult to adjust your vision to a pauper focus. But it was the thought of alienating Uncle Dick. I love the dear, deter-

mined old chap like a father. But last night my guardian angel was with me and I decided to remain my own man. So I wrote to Uncle Dick, respectfully but firmly declining to become a candidate for Miss Manner's hand."

"But you have never seen her," said Mollie. "She may be—almost—charming."

"If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?" "quoted Murray. "As you say, she may be—almost charming; but she is not Eve. She is merely one of a million other women, as far as I am concerned. Don't let's talk of her. Let us talk only of ourselves—there is nothing else that is half so interesting."

"And will your uncle really cast you off?" asked Mollie.

"Not a doubt of it."

"What will you do?"

"Work, dear Eve. My carefully acquired laziness must be thrown to the winds and I shall work. That is the rule outside of Eden. Don't worry. I've painted pictures that have actually been sold. I'll make a living for us somehow."

"Us?"

"Of course. You are engaged to me."

"I am not," said Mollie indignantly.

"Mollie! Mollie! After that kiss! Fie, fie!"

"You are very absurd," said Mollie.

"But your absurdity has been amusing. I have—yes, positively,—I have enjoyed your Eden comedy. But now you must not come any further with me. My aunt might not approve. Here is my path to Orchard Knob farm house. There, I presume, is yours to Sweetbriar Cottage. Good morning."

"I am coming over to see you this afternoon," said Murray coolly. "But you needn't be afraid. I will not tell tales out of Eden. I will be a hypocrite and pretend to Mrs. Palmer that we have never met before. But you and

I will know and remember. Now, you may go. I reserve to myself the privilege of standing here and watching you out of sight."

That afternoon Murray strolled over to Orchard Knob, going into the kitchen without knocking as was the habit in that free and easy world. Mrs. Palmer was lying on the lounge with a pungent handkerchief bound about her head, but keeping a vigilant eye on a very pretty, very plump, brown-eyed girl who was stirring a kettleful of cherry preserve on the range.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Palmer," said Murray, wondering where Mollie was.

"I'm sorry to see that you look something like an invalid."

"I've a raging, ramping headache," said Mrs. Palmer solemnly. "I had it all night and I'm good for nothing. Mollie, you'd better take them cherries off. Mr. Murray, this is my niece, Mollie Booth."

"What?" said Murray explosively.

"Miss Mollie Booth," repeated Mrs. Palmer in a louder tone.

Murray regained outward self control and bowed to the blushing Mollie.

"And what about Eve?" he thought helplessly. "Who—what was she? Did I dream her? Was she a phantom of delight? No, no, phantoms don't milk cows. She was flesh and blood. No chilly nymph exhaling from the mists of the marsh could have given a kiss like that."

"Mollie has come to stay the rest of the Summer with me," said Mrs. Palmer. "I hope to goodness my tribulations with hired girls is over at last. They have made a wreck of me."

Murray rapidly reflected. This development, he decided, released him from his promise to tell no tales. "I met a young lady down in the pond pasture this morning," he said deliberately. "I talked with her for a few minutes. I supposed her to be your niece. Who was she?"

"Oh, that was Miss Mannering," said Mrs. Palmer.

"What?" said Murray again.

"Mannering—Dora Mannering," said Mrs. Palmer loudly, wondering if Mr. Murray were losing his hearing. "She came here last night just to see me. I haven't seen her since she was a child of twelve. I used to be her nurse before I was married. I was that proud to think she thought it worth her while to look me up. And mind you, this morning, when she found me crippled with headache and not able to do a hand's turn, that girl, Mr. Murray, went and milked seven cows"—"only four," murmured Murray, but Mrs. Palmer did not hear him—"for me. Couldn't prevent her. She said she had learned to milk for fun one Summer when she was in the country, and she did it. And then she got breakfast for the men—Mollie didn't come till the ten o'clock train. Miss Mannering is as capable as if she had been riz on a farm."

"Where is she now?" demanded Murray.

"Oh, she's gone."

"What?"

"Gone," shouted Mrs. Palmer, "gone. She left on the train Mollie come on. Gracious me, has the man gone crazy? He hasn't seemed like himself at all this afternoon."

Murray had bolted madly out of the house and was striding down the lane.

Blind fool—unspeakable idiot that he had been! To take her for Mrs. Palmer's niece—that peerless creature with the calm acceptance of any situation, which marked the woman of the world, with the fine appreciation and quickness of repartee that spoke of generations of culture—to imagine that she could be Mollie Booth! He had been blind, besottedly blind. And now he had lost her! She would never forgive him; she had gone without a word or sign.

As he reached the last curve of the

lane where it looped about the apple rees, a plump figure came flying down the orchard slope.

"Mr. Murray, Mr. Murray," Mollie Booth called breathlessly. "Will you please come here just a minute?"

Murray crossed over to the paling rather grumpily. He did not want to talk with Mollie Booth just then. Confound it, what did the girl want? Why was she looking so mysterious?

Mollie produced a little, square, gray envelope from some feminine hiding place and handed it over the paling.

"She give me this at the station—Miss Mannering did," she gasped, "and asked me to give it to you without letting Aunt Emily Jane see. I couldn't get a chanst when you was in, but as soon as you went I slipped out by the porch door and followed you. You went so fast I near died trying to head you off."

"You dear little soul," said Murray, suddenly radiant. "It is too bad you have had to put yourself so out of breath on my account. But I am immensely obliged to you. The next time your young man wants a trusty private messenger just refer him to me.

"Git away with you," giggled Mollie. "I must hurry back 'fore Aunt Emily Jane gits wind I'm gone. I hope there's good news in your girl's letter. My, but didn't you look flat when aunt said she'd went!"

Murray beamed at her idiotically. When she had vanished among the trees he opened his letter.

"Dear Mr. Murray," it ran, "your unblushing audacity of the morning deserves some punishment. I hereby punish you by prompt departure from Orchard Knob. Yet I do not dislike audacity, at some times, in some places, in some people. It is only from a sense of duty that I punish it in this case. And it was really pleasant in Eden. If you do not mail that letter, and if you still persist in your very

absurd interpretation of the meaning of
Eve's kiss, we may meet again in town.
Until then I remain,

"Very sincerely yours,

"DORA LYNNE MANNERING."

Murray kissed the gray letter and put

it tenderly away in his pocket. Then
he took his letter to his uncle and tore
it into tiny fragments. Finally he looked
at his watch.

"If I hurry, I can catch the afternoon
train to town," he said.

AN EVENING TEMPEST

By N. J. Bell

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

THE wind is moaning through the trees,
Their heads bend low before the gale;
The raindrops borne upon the breeze,
Tell that a storm will soon assail;
The stars are hid and inky clouds
Race mad and swift across the sky,
While some group in excited crowds
Afraid, uncertain where to fly.

With vividness that stuns the sight,
King Lightning bolts from darkened space;
Awakening all the fears of night,
Grim peals of crashing thunder race;
Loosed from the clouds the rain descends,
In torrents o'er the vales and hills;
The rustling, wailing tempest blends
The river with a thousand rills.

With every lightning flash is seen
The spectral grandeur of the storm;
Gusts drown the woods with misty sheen,
And dash against the mountain's form;
Strong boughs receive the shaft of fire,
And splintered heave upon the ground;
All nature seems convulsed with ire
Of motion and discordant sound.

So through the night the rain flies down,
The winds moan and the torrents roar,
And trees are tossed, and leaves are blown,
And sparrows fall to rise no more;
Unlike a rueful waste of death,
The vales and hills at golden day,
'Mid song and bloom exhale a breath
As fragrant as the soul of May.

THE EVOLUTION OF COUSIN MARCELLA

By Lilian True Bryant

BANGOR, MAINE



LILIAN TRUE BRYANT

SYNOPSIS — From a sense of duty, Marcella Lapworth, spinster, attempts the chaperonage of a young relative, thereby giving her the benefit of a Winter in Italy. Lack of experience combined with love of power produces a situation of unusual severity, in spite of which the girl becomes engaged. Prompted first by mischief, later by sincere sympathy for a woman with absolutely no life of the affections, the girl attempts to educate her chaperone along these lines. She arranges a mild flirtation, observing with surprise that the older woman finds it pleasant. The situation deepens, grows beyond her control. Troubled, she attempts to reverse their positions and control her chaperone by her own methods. To her astonishment, the chaperone rebels, exactly as she herself has done in times past. The relation between them becomes slightly strained, but finally the evolution of a somewhat aggressive spinster into a happy-faced wife is completed, the girl receiving her own share of development.

A FLORENTINE MOSAIC

A SOLITARY sunbeam straggled down from the clouds overhanging Florence that morning, touching the old gray church on the corner, and loitering a moment afterward in my room. It flung a challenge at my scaldino and the little pan of coals did its brave best to sparkle an answering glow. A pigeon, encouraged by the whole proceeding, hovered above the window ledge, fluttered slowly till its scarlet feet touched the cool stone, then walked daintily back and forth and finally flew with a gentle sweep of wings toward the eaves of the opposite house. From that vantage ground it scanned with curious eyes the throng of Italians hurrying to and fro over the uneven flagging of this particular bit of Florence, and nodded its head uneasily as a brisk figure in a black wool gown came up the street. Even the pigeons recognized Cousin

Marcella's intellect in those days, and felt correspondingly abashed, and as for me, I was merely a worm under foot. Fate, circumstances and Cousin Marcella seemed to have ordered it, however, so I tried to make the best of it at first, and afterward it didn't matter, because I was quite content with the position. Worms have very few responsibilities, you know, and the higher one climbs the smaller the world seems. So I gazed up at Cousin Marcella's magnificence and wondered why money should make such a difference in one's views of life.

After Grandfather Lapworth's death the family fortune went to her. We moved out into the country and she stayed in town and came out once in three or four months, just like any other landlord, to look over repairs and to see about the rent, and incidentally to remind mother that but for her, poor Jacob's children would have had their

just inheritance. As if we cared anything about that in comparison with mother, who has borne the burden of not being welcome in her husband's family all these years.

Well, that morning she sailed in upon us. She was wholly different from what she is now, and it irritated me beyond endurance to see her *sauve*, well poised way of looking at things, while I have to fly around patching my day together as best I can. I was teaching in the front room, trying to illustrate a phrase by singing it over and over again with the stupid little soul at the piano when the door opened and mother came in.

"Georgiana," she said softly. "Your Cousin Marcella is here, and would like to hear you sing."

So I walked out into the other room with as much brisk decision as ever Cousin Marcella herself could command. There she was in her furs and mother in her little dyed gown, and the boys in their patched suits peering in through the dining room door behind them, though they have been expressly forbidden to do that, time and time again. My collar was twisted and a pencil stood on end in my hair, and I looked as if life meant something more than play; but I didn't care. I flung back my head and met Cousin Marcella's coldly calm eyes as if I had looked into them all my life, and then without a word I began "Home, Sweet Home."

"You have your father's mouth and chin," she said pointedly, when I had finished.

"But my eyes are exactly like mother's," I answered, knowing all the time that was the very thing she wished to forget. She liked me all the better for it, however.

"The loyalty of the Lapworths is above reproach," she murmured, lifting her lorgnette; and just four weeks from that day we were sailing toward Genoa, with mother's brave, sweet face and the boy's tear stained ones coming up before

me till I had to hunt for my handkerchief.

We rested awhile before going down into Italy, and so I met Gregg at a pension. He was very wise. He might almost be called deep. Cousin Marcella feels that a chaperone should be treated with veneration and respect, and it was days before he even saw me. He ignored me completely. I was a mote in the sunshine in comparison with Cousin Marcella. I was a stone by the wayside. He pointed out guides and views and sights and garden seats and restaurants and galleries and pensions for ages before he even knew of my existence; then one day, just by the merest accident, he happened to look down toward earth and discover me.

Poor Cousin Marcella. If she ever had had any girls of her own, she would have known how important I was all along.

But to go on. One day after our acquaintance had progressed, we made a bet. It seemed perfectly harmless at the time, which is a way things have of doing when the results are to prove full of woe. Just opposite us at the table sat a dignified woman of forty, with most beautiful brown hair. It never mussed. It curled back from the whitest, smoothest parting, and the more we looked at that parting the more it hypnotized us. I said she bought it in a London shop. Gregg declared, man fashion, that it was nature pure and simple. Finally, one noon he bet a cuckoo clock from one of the little stands on the covered bridge over the Reuss to a carved edelweiss stamp box that before night he would prove it "indigeneous," as he expressed it. I tilted my nose scornfully and told him to go ahead.

"Certainly," he said, with his most exasperating drawl. "At four this afternoon I shall expect the stamp—"

He never finished the sentence. The waiter had just reached the English-

woman. He bent over her with the salad, then lifted his arm and his sleeve button caught somehow as he turned and in a second more that beautiful white parting with its smooth curls rose in the air and left a horrified forehead perfectly bare, and to my eternal shame I forgot everything but the cuckoo clock, which I did want to take home to mother.

"I've won, I've won," I cried, clapping my hands softly and smiling the nicest kind of an I-told-you-so at Gregg. But my childlike unconsciousness was short lived. Cousin Marcella comprehended. Cousin Marcella has a smile with as many meanings as a porcupine has quills, and they all flew at me then, and I knew I was disgraced for life. Perhaps we had better hurry over her remarks upon the subject. Gregg tried to explain that it was his fault and sent the cuckoo to her, and it stood on her mantel and walked out and hooted at me once an hour all through the twenty-four; but it made no difference in her manner toward me, and I was glad when Gregg left for Florence and I stayed behind alone with my mortification and reminiscences. However, I wasn't allowed to enjoy them thoroughly. Cousin Marcella grew restless and decided we had better go directly south and begin my music, and so we started.

The trip down was dreary. The rain beat against the windows and the back of the seat bent in and elbowed out in exactly the wrong spots and my head ached and Cousin Marcella read Bae-deker at me and questioned me till I nearly had a fit and didn't know whether Leonardo had the Pills for his coat of arms or whether Savonarola built the Campanile or preached Michael Angelo's funeral oration. He did neither, but I was too tired to care for anything then, except that I was on the ground again, when we finally reached the station. All was bustle and confusion, and

by and by the noise grew louder and louder and I heard, "Prenez garde! Prenez garde!"

"Why do they use French down here," I wondered, but I never thought of turning around, though the words came more and more sharply. Then without the least apology someone swept me off my feet and a man's coat sleeve scratched my cheek, and I heard Cousin Marcella scream, and then the roar and rumble rushed by—a great carful of trunks with two Italians shaking their fists at me and howling. My knees promptly gave way, and then Cousin Marcella gasped, "Dear—dear Mr. Hogarth." And there was Gregg looking down at me anxiously, and yet with little twinkles creeping into his eyes and around his mouth as if he would give anything to laugh if he only dared. Of course I drew my mouth into the severest lines, just like Cousin Marcella's when she says: "Have I gone to all this expense over you for nothing." And I said severely: "I thought you were in Florence studying music, Mr. Hogarth, not inspecting railway passengers," because it never would have done for him to know how glad I was to see him again.

"So I am," he answered.

"Then how do you happen to be lounging around here?" I insisted.

"Acting in the capacity of a life preserver," he replied, bowing very low, and making me wish that his wits weren't so much quicker than mine. And then, to my amazement, Cousin Marcella suddenly took his part. Sometimes she does that way and I am left all alone. She doesn't understand girls very well. Maybe if she had married it would have been different, but she's botanized and caterpillared and butterflied so long that her eyes have microscopic lenses and of course all my faults show up dreadfully, though nowadays she smiles and says nothing, where once she would have scolded.

"I never can be sufficiently thankful," she was repeating with immense fervor, while Gregg bowed and bowed and I stared at both. Then finally he came to his senses and offered her his arm while I tagged along behind, wondering if ever I would arrive at the dignity of a chaperone; and so by and by we found a carriage and got into it with due ceremony and rattled up the dirty, narrow, beautiful street of the one city on earth that makes you long to be a genius. "This glorious area paved with antiquities and the shadows of illustrious men," as Cousin Marcella says. The figure seems a little mixed, somehow, but maybe it's a hidden metaphor.

We found the pension. Then Mr. Hogarth was invited to call, while I counted the pigeons on the old gray church opposite and rubbed my toe back and forth on the flagging and pretended not to hear his goodbye. Oh, but I was just as unbearable as I knew how to be in those days, and all the time I was longing to sit down and hold my mother fast and have a good cry. If I had dared love Cousin Marcella I would have been all right, but she didn't need it you see, and of course that made things very limited. I begged Mr. Hogarth's pardon afterward, but at the time I only bowed stiffly and withdrew, while Cousin Marcella murmured: "Your mother over again. I might have expected it." And then I felt worse than ever. It flashed over me that possibly I was making it harder for mother and the boys, and that Cousin Marcella was justified in reproving me, so I immediately went to the other extreme to try to make up for it. I wouldn't be surprised if I really were very annoying at times, although I am doing my best to improve. I hurried down the steps and looked out after Mr. Hogarth, as if I hadn't meant so very much, after all; and there he was turning and trying to find me. We blushed. At least I did, and he says now that

he felt warm around his ears, so I suppose that is the best a man can do in that line. Then I went in without another word.

Cousin Marcella gave me his visiting card as a reminder of my bad behavior and a hint that "graciousness is a woman's greatest charm," and I drew a line across one corner and wrote "prenez garde" on it. Down by the Uffizi piazza an Italian had a stand covered with the most beautiful things, mosaics and paperweights and inlaid boxes of all kinds. So I decided to outline whatever happened to me upon this card, in real mosaic fashion. The very next week the second corner was filled. In coming out of Vanninni's studio, whom should I meet face to face but Mr. Hogarth. He lifted his hat very stiffly, but I stopped and held out my hand.

"I am sorry I was rude the other day," I said very quietly. "Will you forgive me?" looking very serious, and as if my whole life's happiness depended upon him, as it did, although I didn't know that till afterward.

He took my hand for a second, perhaps two, maybe three, and then we went for a little walk, down past the bridges and up the hill toward San Miniato, and finally we sat down under the great statue of David that towers above the city. A match woman followed us, and several small boys who tried to polish our boots. Then Gregg taught me a little Italian, and that took so long that I was late for dinner and Cousin Marcella was shocked. Evidently she had reason to be and I am afraid it must have been a very improper proceeding, because several of the foreigners saw us and remarked upon the fact in an extremely pensionitish manner. But it doesn't matter now, and I have marked another square on my mosaic, and I am glad it happened just as it did.

About that time Cousin Marcella began the study of Machiavelli. It did

seem as if, with Condivi and Vasari and Machiavelli himself and Michael Angelo and Symonds and Grimm and the Brownings and Dante and George Eliot and Mrs. Oliphant and Ruskin, that enough had been written about this corner of the globe; but Cousin Marcella felt that "the clear light of the twentieth century womanhood could add much to history and ancient thought." So every day she started for Michael Angelo's house with two volumes of his life and one of Machiavelli under her arm. It was very wrong, but Gregg found that out. How, I can't imagine, for I was most careful never to inform him as to Cousin Marcella's whereabouts. So what did he do but call just at that time nearly every day with flowers or books or something, and invariably ask for Cousin Marcella like a model youth. And of course she always regretted not "being a woman of leisure," whenever she saw him.

Well, one day, one rainy, dismal day, —and this is the third corner of my mosaic—I was all alone in the pension rooms. It was dark and dreary and the pigeons were drabbled and were huddling out of sight under the eaves of the old church. The rain splashed against the panes, and I was homesick and forlorn. The scaldino had worried itself into a temper and wouldn't burn, and I was cold and was crying a little and wishing I were at home with some money for the whole family without bothering Cousin Marcella's pocketbook any more. There came a knock at the door and in walked Gregg. My nose was red, and my hair was touzled and my fingers were distinctly smutty and I felt worse than I looked.

"What's the matter with the 'bella Americana?'" he asked, without really looking at me. That's what the little urchins on the street call me, because my hair is yellow and different from theirs. And then such a queer feeling came over me. I couldn't look up, so

I dabbed my eyes and said the fire wouldn't burn, it was so cold, or some such equally brilliant remark.

"Maybe it needs a masculine hand," said Gregg, taking in the situation. So we both sat down on the floor in front of the scaldino. He blew and I blew. Then he puffed and I puffed, and then —well then—my face grew smutty and he tried to wipe it off, and I shut my eyes because I couldn't keep them open while he was so very near, and then he kissed me. And THEN — in walked Cousin Marcella.

Oh dear me. Savonarola at the stake never felt a bit worse than I did at that moment. Machiavelli dropped with a bang on the floor that burst his back and scattered the illustrations. Michael Angelo pitched head first under the table, and Cousin Marcella stood straight still in the middle of the room.

There we were, sitting side by side in front of the scaldino that suddenly, without the least warning, began to twinkle and burn and glow and sparkle as if it never had thought of going out, and no one would ever have dreamed that it could to see it then. For a moment there was a dead silence. Then came Cousin Marcella's smooth, glassy tones. She never allows herself to grow excited, you know.

"Georgiana?"

"Yes'm," said I feebly.

But Gregg suddenly took the matter into his own hands, in the most satisfactory fashion. Scrambling to his feet, he pulled me after him, while the scaldino behind us grinned and grinned.

"My dear Miss Lapworth," he said, bowing very low and with his most deferential air. "I sincerely beg your pardon. I came to ask you for Georgiana, and the fact is, I forgot and asked her first." He had done nothing of the sort, but I was too surprised to say so, and afterward I wouldn't have reminded him of it for untold gold. Meanwhile Cousin Marcella's mouth turned in at

the corners and her eyebrows met, and I shivered. Gregg put his arm around me and at his touch I realized that a strong man was loving me.

"I suppose you realize the responsibility you are assuming," coolly observed Cousin Marcella, completely ignoring me. The remark was characteristic and wholly sensible, yet I couldn't but see mother's eyes and the question that would lie in them as she scanned the man who wished to make me his wife. Gregg winced as if she had struck him, and then, with equal iciness and elaborate courtesy, he bowed once more.

"My dear Miss Lapworth," he said, very distinctly, looking straight at her, "I never should dream of asking a woman to share my life unless I had sufficient means for her support."

A gleam of satisfaction flickered ever so softly over Cousin Marcella's face. She liked being faced squarely. She liked the steel in his voice. She was mollified, but by no means ready to admit it, and the I-will-reserve-my-opinion-till-later look began to come. I knew that meant no end of trouble and heavy chaperoning, so without a moment's hesitation I stepped straight back into the scalding, burning my dress, scattering the coals and rousing the servants. Cousin Marcella found a chair and took short breaths after it was all over. Gregg suddenly assumed that her condition was dangerous and bathed her hands and fanned her and capped the climax by giving her an audacious kiss, while I drew a long breath at his boldness. But it worked, and I gripped my courage fast and brought out my mosaic after things had quieted down somewhat, and explained it to her. I wanted to see my mother so badly and have a little cry, that I just had to do something of the sort. Mother would have understood in a flash, whereas Cousin Marcella was affably interested; but then, that's what makes motherhood the most beautiful thing in the world.

There was but one space more in my mosaic, and Gregg said that would do for the wedding, but I knew better. We were engaged for over two months before he thought of the ring, though I never forgot it for a moment and at last began to grow worried. Then one night he brought in a great bunch of white blossoms, and tied on one was a little velvet box; and then it all came over me anew what our engagement meant: that I was going back to America as his wife, instead of living on at home with mother and the boys. It seemed a very solemn and sacred thing, and I grew a good deal afraid, too, the more I thought about it. All the time I was haunted with a fear that I wouldn't like our ring, and yet it would have to represent our betrothal all the rest of our life.

Florence is filled with small booths of cheap jewelry, — speckled and spotted turquoises, stones cut with the Florentine lily and pins of washed gold. Gregg had had very little experience with such things, and so, of course, I thought of them all, and was miserably uncertain of his taste. So I hid my face on his shoulder — he has such a nice, comfy shoulder — inwardly vowing while he slipped the little band on my finger in the tenderest way, that no matter what came, he never should know but it was beautiful. I couldn't look at it at first, so I wrapped my handkerchief around it all the evening while we planned and talked till the clock struck ten. That is when he always goes. Then he pulled away the handkerchief and took my hands in his.

"What is it?" he asked in a queer, puzzled fashion, as if he were hurt and yet wouldn't show it for the world. "Why won't you look at our ring, little one?"

Of course there was nothing else to do, so I raised my hand, bracing myself to say, "How lovely!" without flinching, no matter if a piece of green glass stared

up at me; and then my head went down on his shoulder again, for fear he would see the tears in my eyes.

The man I had trusted with my life's happiness could surely be trusted with smaller things.

A MONASTERY AND A MAID

UPON looking back over those early Florentine days, it seems as if I really must have been what Cousin Marcella was so fond of impressing upon my sub-consciousness,—an extremely undeveloped child for one of my years. And the worst of it is, I am not wholly sure of being over it yet. She did her duty faithfully by me, inventing a set of rules for wifehood every morning before breakfast, and bringing them into my room for me to learn and meditate upon before the active work of the day began. Rules like these: A good wife feels it incumbent upon her to comport herself with cheerfulness at all times. To obey is better than sacrifice. Marriage is an institution whereby two souls become developed by merging two wills.

Dear Cousin Marcella! It almost seems as if she and Jonathan Edwards would have been chummy if they had lived in the same century. I learned the rules faithfully, but my mind was so full of other things that they gradually slipped back into a less prominent place than my guardian would have liked, had she known.

Gregg had gone home, in response to a cablegram stating the death of his father, and the long, lovely trip down through Italy that we had planned was postponed, as well as our wedding. Cousin Marcella says that it is all for the best, but she never has been engaged, or has known what it means to have someone very anxious and uneasy and worried if you look at anyone else more than four times in succession. There are finer things about it than that, but those I put away and only let

peep out when I write to my mother and promise to try for the ideals she has given me all my life, and to realize that now I am responsible for Gregg's standards as well as my own. I am beginning to recognize a strange thing. Women have power over men simply because they are gay and piquant and clever and different—well—different from Cousin Marcella, for instance.

Today I disturbed her beyond belief. It was very sad, and it all turned out very badly, and I cried all the way home, till the man who inspects the carriages this side of the city gates looked at me with his wizened old face and shook his head very disapprovingly.

That is a queer custom. Just at the edge of the city stand these tall iron gates, with sharp pointed spear heads bristling on top. Each night they close at a certain hour, and each day they are flung wide open and your carriage is stopped there while a funny little man comes out and pries around, opening your bundles to see if you are carrying contraband goods. The same thing happened one night coming from Genoa. We were bundled into the Turin station. Three o'clock and cold and rainy. Five trunks, two sets of Alpine stocks, two bundles of parasols, two satchels and a dress suit case. Cousin Marcella scorns the protection of a man in "this glorious age of progression and adaptation," but she does have a lingering fondness for his belongings. She says that the appearance of a masculine element in our party wards off difficulties, and so M. Lapworth, U. S. A. is printed on this case in great, white letters, in order to carry the impression still further. She enjoys little situations of her own making, because she never has known what it means to have someone make them for you. For instance, we are always meeting foreigners—barnacles, I call them—who insist upon helping us, sometimes with our carriage or luggage, sometimes with our

tickets. Of course they expect to have smiles and lessons in English in return. Every one is learning English over here. So what does Cousin Marcella do but draw herself up with dignity, gaze serenely over their heads, and say with uncompromising severity: "Georgiana, how soon does Alberto return?"

And of course, according to previous instructions, I have to reply dutifully: "In about ten minutes, dear Cousin Marcella," though there isn't any Alberto, and never will be, and the dress suit case is stuffed with shirt waists. But he does as well as anyone else, and one by one the barnacles comprehend and look disappointed and drop off, and Cousin Marcella gives a deep sigh of relief and satisfaction, and then we proceed as before.

But it didn't work that night at Turin. We were plumped out of the train and locked into a waiting room disinfected with carbolic acid on account of the plague. All our belongings were on the platform outside. No one would speak English or French, and Cousin Marcella flew about like a distracted hen with her head cut off, gesticulating, explaining, assuring through the window, like Juliet from her balcony, that we hadn't a dutiable thing with us. It made absolutely no difference. Trays were pulled out, boxes pried open, Cousin Marcella's sacred nightcaps exposed to view, while the group of officials grew larger each minute. They probed and pushed and nudged one another as down in the bottom of one of the trunks they discovered a box, long and heavy and close shut. They rose in mighty strength of mustachios and brass buttons,—all but one, who was making little crosses on my satchel, so that it would go through free,—and they beamed and glowed as this box came in sight. They rubbed their hands. They unbuckled the straps, and then over they went backward before a heap of Cousin Marcella's six and three-quarters, spring

heeled, square toed, congress sided boots. Some boots are worth looking at; some are distinctly dispiriting.

Cousin Marcella waved her parasol in front of the window and Italian began to bristle on all sides, and then she suddenly came to herself and shrieked wildly: "Georgiana, where is Alberto?"

"Coming in about ten minutes, dear Cousin Marcella," said I very soberly.

"Because of your pretty face," said the man who had been making the little crosses on my grip, putting it back into my hand and smiling down at me while I scuttled toward Cousin Marcella and pretended not to hear him.

But I have gone a long way from my story. "Never digress," says Cousin Marcella. "Keep your subject matter well in hand and the point constantly before your eye." So I will hurry back. That afternoon we went for a drive down the high, dirty streets, past the house where Romola lived, with its balcony on the second floor, all ready for a serenade; past the long stone block of the Brownings, with its white marble tablet and inscription in gold; past the cemetery where Theodore Parker was buried, and past the city gates and inspectors and out into the country.

Cousin Marcella sat opposite me, reading now and then from her Baedeker and marking certain bits with her pencil for me to review and learn when we reached home. She seemed so placid and precise and mathematical and with such an air of interest and comprehension, as if she were thinking of the attitude America takes toward protectionism—she enjoys discussing that—that I felt I couldn't stand it any longer. Ever since my engagement to Gregg, I have been so weighed down with the "responsibilities of woman in our native land as regards her influence upon the coming generations," that I was nearly dead. I simply had to take off the

wings that I had tried to fasten on, like a Fra Angelico angel, and just be an every day, common mortal. So I waited till the driver leaned over to ask a question, and Cousin Marcella brought out her French for his edification—she doesn't understand Italian—and then after matters had been satisfactorily adjusted with much gesticulation, and his long whip flew out with a swift crack over the ponies, I leaned forward very solemnly with an expression just like Cimabue's madonna on my face. "Cousin Marcella," said I, looking at her very confidingly, "did you ever have a flirtation?"

Her nose glasses dropped. Her face turned purple with surprise. Her bonnet shivered with indignation and nervousness.

"Never, child," she said with severity. "Never."

"I thought perhaps you hadn't," I said discreetly, settling back into my seat again.

And then I began to be wicked. I could feel it growing and growing inside of me till it was exactly as if it were forcing me on, and I wasn't in the least responsible. I never said another word, but deep down in my heart I registered a solemn vow that she should have one, just one, to store away in her memory like other people. Poor Cousin Marcella. To think what she has missed!

We clattered along the dusty road, past villa after villa hidden among the trees, with only their roofs showing above the high walls enclosing them. That is such a selfish thing to do, isn't it? Why not let other people enjoy one's home, too. Somebody—not Cousin Marcella—said once that only the fool and the idiot could afford to be exclusive. It was Emerson, I think.

Beggars came limping toward us, hobbling on maimed limbs or holding out bandaged arms and grewsome shoulders and hands, and then by and by we climbed a long, rocky hill, followed by

this chattering, ragged throng, while the walls of the monastery lay like a great, gray fortress before us, white, gloomy, isolated. Cousin Marcella gathered her guide books together, braced herself for a Delsartian ascent up the stairs, head erect, spine stiff, poise from the waist line as if she were on the way to the queen's drawing room, and I followed on behind meekly, as usual. And scuttling down the stairs to meet her, in exactly the reverse of her elegance, came a monk, his bald head twinkling with excitement. He bowed us up stairs, gave us into the charge of another brother, old and worn and furrowed, and then we were silently piloted through corridors and into a great hall, wainscotted to the very ceiling, where the monks gathered at meal time. Can't you see them there? The long, grave room brown and somber and dead. Heavy brown rafters overhead, seeming almost ready to drop from age and weight. Gloom and silence and loneliness and deep shadows everywhere, with the one bit of life and light found in the clinging robes of the men who called this home. Oh—but it was horrible. It was ghastly. I wanted to let in the sunshine and fresh, sweet air, and flowers and happy little children, and loving women and ambitious, alert men; and I sent a little prayer out to Gregg, just because our life was so different and full and rich and free, with no old time laws and customs cramping it into servitude.

We tiptoed through a chapel, a deep toned organ flooding it with melody and no one there to hear or enjoy or be brightened by it. No one but the lonely man bending over the keys. We went past cells, pitiful, bare closets with a hard cot in one corner and a hair-cloth shirt lying beside it and four bare walls looking down; or worse still, agonizing crucifixes with Christ's face all drawn and suffering instead of hopeful and courageous. It seemed so useless, all

this bodily pain and sacrifice; all these hours upon hours of constant prayer and telling of beads, when just outside the monastery walls swarmed neglected and maimed human beings, and farther down the valley lay sunny, smiling Florence, with all a city's needs and a city's wickedness to be met.

It seemed pitiful; it seemed wrong; and in Cousin Marcella's eyes was growing the "dissolution of the monastery" discussion. It is one of her favorites, anyway. It was almost upon her tongue, when the monk suddenly turned a corner and we were left alone, following him out toward the beautiful, serene courtyard, where chrysanthemums and green grass were growing.

"Cousin Marcella," said I, "ask him what time it is."

"Do it yourself, child," she answered benignly.

Dear Cousin Marcella. If she could have peeped into my brain just then. But the "dissolution of the monastery" was almost here. I could see it in the tail of her left eye, and so I thought I would help matters along a little, just to see what would happen. It never occurred to me that I was doing anything wrong. It never does until afterward, and then my breadth of vision is usually forcibly enlarged. "No, Cousin Marcella," I insisted. "It is more dignified for you to do it."

Now that was naughtiness pure and simple, for if there is one thing on earth that Cousin Marcella values, next to being treated with deference as becomes a chaperone, it is having a sense of the fitness of things. Then I gave her the Italian words, the very tender little ones that Gregg taught me sitting under the great statue of David that looks down over the city, so strong and powerful that it gives one a sense of protection just to be near it. And then I retired discreetly.

The monk came back. Cousin Marcella fixed her eyeglass upon him

placidly, expectantly, and yet with her own characteristic firmness, and repeated them, calmly, unemotionally, clearly. And I wished I never had come abroad. I—Oh dear me—I longed for Gregg, and I wept for Alberto and the dress suit case, or even for a barnacle; for anything, no matter what, that would distract Cousin Marcella's attention.

The monk looked at her as if he couldn't believe his ears, but there was no mistake. She repeated them with ghastly precision, serenely, graciously, as becometh a woman, with a little smile as she perceived that he understood her Italian.

Poor Cousin Marcella.

Then his face began to change. A look of astonishment, then delight and horror and gratitude and determination flew over it, and then such a volley of Italian came; and finally, with the deepest reverence, he bent over Cousin Marcella's hand and saluted it.

I walked on the grave of a dissoluted ancestor and fell against the wall, but Cousin Marcella bore it with fortitude, which only goes to prove that every woman was meant to receive devotion. Evidently there was some slight misunderstanding. It was surprising, of course, not to say confusing, but with wide affability and gentle dignity she repeated it, that there might be no mistake or embarrassment upon his part.

Embarrassment—

And behold—there was Cousin Marcella in the first flirtation of her four and forty years.

There was no doubt about it, and worst of all, he was putting his feelings into hodge-podge French and Italian. A monk for a cousin-in-law. The dissolution of the monasteries was almost here. I expected to see the very stones crumble around my head and a whole procession of white-robed men stalk out and proclaim: "Hail to our liberator; we are free."

I was utterly, hopelessly helpless. It

wasn't an ordinary affair upon an ordinary plane. It was worthy of Cousin Marcella. It was an outpouring in broken French of life and points of view and true meanings of self sacrifice in all the genuineness of religion. To all of which Cousin Marcella, with utter unconsciousness, was responding. It was attraction masquerading under intellect, entirely unrecognized by either of the poor, dear souls. It was an hour of companionship and unexpected sympathy between a lonely, starved man, who might do penance for years afterward, and a lonely, unloved woman posing for the first time in a womanly capacity. There had been a mistake, that, of course they both knew, but the mistake had suddenly brought a touch of earthly happiness and understanding between two needy souls.

"Run away, child," she murmured dreamily as I hovered near, trying my feeble best to interrupt them. "Our good brother is explaining the true wisdom of isolation."

I should think he was. If ever two people were hungering for happy, human, every day existence in a world of sunny, practical needs, those poor starvelings were, out in that blossoming garden under the blue sky, and yet with the gray walls of the monastery rising like somber specters around them, barring them from the rest of the world. I walked about like a distracted hen, and the more I walked the worse I felt. Here I was, happy and young and free, with a future ahead of me, and here I had deliberately butchered these two for a Roman holiday, and had brought a new side of life to them just as they were too old and hampered ever to find any comfort in it, and so were all the more unprepared. And I ended by feeling as old as Methuselah myself, remembering all my little school lovers and escapades.

They melted gradually across the garden, while I tagged remorsefully on

behind at a discreet distance. Cousin Marcella dropped her Baedeker and he returned it to her with much grace and a sudden smile. His gestures grew more and more emphatic and convincing, and the feather in her bonnet waved its appreciation and true comprehension, and all the time they were edging toward the farthest corner of the garden in their abstraction. No one else was in sight. It all depended upon me whether Cousin Marcella changed her religion, and whatever was done must be done at once. I came out of my trance and coughed violently, warningly, as Cousin Marcella is wont to do in moments like these when she is chaperoning me. She behaved exactly as I do under similar circumstances—pretended not to hear it. Then I sneezed. It made absolutely no impression on her. Then it occurred to me that I might wander about and appeal to her emotions in song, without rousing her indignation. I really didn't dare interrupt her, you see, because of future remarks upon the subject. Remarks are unusually disagreeable things if they take the form of irritated advice. So I began "Oh, that we two were maying," hoping to arouse her attention to the danger of sentiment at her age. It only served as accompaniment to more gesticulation. She sighed deeply and looked off toward Florence, whereupon I was scared to death and promptly began: "Hear ye, Israel! Hear what the Lord speaketh—" It was very appropriate. You remember how it goes if ever you have heard Nordica sing in the oratorio of "Elijah":

"Hear ye, Israel, hear ye. Hear what the Lord speaketh:

'Oh, hadst thou heeded my commandments—'

If Cousin Marcella only would. I threw back my head and hurled the words at her as if I had been an avenging angel. She loosened her bonnet strings and leaned silently against the wall, staring thoughtfully down at the

ground. Clearly her religious sentiments must be touched. It might be that a little fear would prove a good tonic. So I took a deep breath and started off in "Our heavenly home is bright and fair," as a direct contradiction to what was coming. I thought that monk's nearest ear wavered slightly, but I couldn't be sure, and so from that I burst forth with: "Heed, sinner, check thy course. Eternal doom surrounds thee," which I knew would rouse them if anything could; but it didn't. He explained on; she listened intently, and I might have been a mummy on the banks of the Nile, for all the attention I received. Finally I walked back into the corridors and sat down and began to meditate. I had been there a few minutes when a red-haired monk came hurrying through the courtyard. His round, red face was so curiously out of place here among these dark-skinned men that I forgot about Cousin Marcella for the moment and simply stared.

"Are you here alone?" he demanded, with the broadest Irish brogue. I turned my head to see if some of the stones had begun to crumble already, then I shook my head.

"Cousin Marcella's over there."

He was so utterly different from the priests and monks we see every day in the Florentine streets, that I asked:

"Have you always been here?"

He looked off into the courtyard for a minute and then said with much pride:

"Twelve years, and not once in Florence since I came."

"Is that to your credit?" I wondered, thinking of the needy lives there. Put he was absolutely content, and as this happens to be true, I suppose he is living there still, as he seemed in the best of health. He gathered up the skirts of his white robe and turned toward the door, and then a heavy bell pealed and down the corridors came the hurrying monks, Cousin Marcella's among the rest. She turned away from

the wall against which she had been leaning and walked dazedly toward me, with a strange, unearthly dignity, as if a great revelation had come to her. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were soft and the wind ruffled her hair almost into waviness over her temples, and she looked like a different woman. She followed me down the stairs, through the corridors, past the tiny pharmacy where sweet colognes were brewed for visitors to buy, and out into the courtyard entrance. There she stopped. Striding toward her came a monk with two little bottles of perfume in his hands. With the gravest bow he offered them to her, and without a word she took them and turned toward the carriage. Then if I hadn't been like Orpheus or Lot's wife and looked back, I wouldn't have seen the crowning touch to my misery. Off on the horizon lay a broad, brilliant band of golden sunset, with the spires of Florence half gleaming through the trees below. Above us rose the monastery walls, cold, gray, isolated, and under their lifeless shadow, as if wrapped in their gloom, stood Cousin Marcella's monk, alone, motionless, at his evening prayers; his head bowed, his hands clasping the black rosary at his side, his white robes falling in heavy folds around his feet, while above him pealed and clanged and echoed the great, harsh, unloved monastery bell.

Cousin Marcella took her seat in the carriage, still holding fast to her pitiful little gift, the first ever given in recognition of her womanhood, and with that same dazed, glorified, wondering look on her face, together with an utter sadness, as if she were awakening to the fact that the crown of other women's lives never had come into hers; and I sat down opposite her in the carriage and cried all the way home as if my heart would break, and wondered how long the guilty are allowed to live, and made up my mind not to rest till Gregg knew the whole story.

I am hoping he will see a way out of it; but there is one very certain thing: she never shall know what those words meant. She shall always feel that it was all due to her womanhood; that it just happened so, and couldn't have been helped; that it was Fate. She shall have that much comfort, anyway, and as for the monastery—it is only another proof that they all ought to have tumbled to pieces in the fifteenth century, and then they wouldn't have brought unhappiness to poor, stray mortals five hundred years later.

But just between you and me, if the walls really had begun to crumble right then and there around my head and ears, it wouldn't have been a bit more than I deserved. And it might have been a wise and commendable catastrophe. What do you think?



A ROMAN ANTIQUE

THE millennium has come; the heavens are fallen; the prophet has become as an unlearned child, and Cousin Marcella is in love, while I am worn to a shadow from properly chaperoning her. She used to wash her hands of me at regular intervals upon such occasions. Perhaps it was a good plan upon the whole, as one is apt to get rather cindery from traveling. But the strange part is, that now in her time of need, she seems almost to resent my care over her, even though I try to make her feel it is for her future happiness and best good, just as she is wont to tell me in my turn. It is a very delicate position, requiring much tact and forbearance, but I am convinced that I am only doing my duty, which gives me a certain degree of hopefulness.

The symptoms started the day after our trip to the monastery. I knew it was coming. I knew Cousin Marcella's clear-eyed mind never would be satisfied with one bite till she had turned the

apple way around to see if the other side wouldn't present greater attractions, but I confess I wasn't prepared for so sudden an attack.

That very night she packed Machiavelli away in her trunk and opened her Michael Angelo at the page marked "Friendship with Vittoria Colonna," sighed a few times and looked off out of the window at intervals over the tops of Florence toward Fiesole, dotted like a group of white shells near the base of its own hill, while the Appennines wave in a long line behind and make one realize that they form the backbone of the boot-shaped Italy we find in our geography. I look off there too when America and home and Gregg seem very far away, and garlic and mashed chestnuts and black-browed Italians seem very near, so I knew how to sympathize.

The next evening she remarked casually:

"Georgiana, I shall spend an hour in the Boboli gardens tomorrow."

I sat upright. No one ever goes into those polite, prim, manufactured mistakes of man, where the trees stand like Noah's ark women and the terraces and boxed beds turn out their toes with self-conscious modesty, unless they are effected by some mental disturbance.

So I followed her and several pedestrians followed me, and by the time we turned toward the gardens Cousin Marcella was unconsciously heading quite a procession. She did stay there for a time, but only for a time, and then she walked hurriedly up the steps and into the Pitti palace and past room after room till she came to the one where the Madonna della Sedia hangs in all its soft-tinted motherhood, and then she stood looking at that, her hands hanging limply at her sides and all her martial, strong minded self sufficiency oozing out of them. I felt that I didn't belong there, any more than at the monastery when the monk brought out his poor

little gift for her, so I slipped softly away and went home and studied her rules for wifehood for an hour, in fact, until she came.

But that was only the beginning. From that time on she haunted every madonna in the city, even to Cimabue's, which no one in his right mind can pass even in the dark without the nightmare, and then one morning in the Battistero came the climax.

"Georgiana," said she, lifting her Baedeker and straightening her nose glasses. "This admirable, octagonal structure, rising in well proportioned stories, was extolled by Dante, and is one of the finest specimens of Tuscan-Romanesque styles. The famous bronze doors—" but I wasn't listening.

Slipping past her, I tiptoed into the cold, gloomy interior, following a bent old woman with a bundle in her arms. A priest came forward from the gloom—no one else was in sight—and the woman walked reverently toward him, stopping at the great gray font at the farther end. The bundle was opened. A fuzzy little head was propped up, and then the tiniest Italian baby was sprinkled with holy water and choked with holy bread—or something akin to it—and the ceremony was over. The woman turned to go, when suddenly Cousin Marcella sprang forward. "Give me that baby," she demanded, and the next moment Baedeker and I were left in the corner and Cousin Marcella had the brown little thing in her arms, while the woman courtesied and laughed and jabbered toothless Italian, and the priest stopped half way to look behind in amazement.

Cousin Marcella was restless that afternoon. She went from one thing to another: buying this, looking at that, hurrying past her favorite corners and finally sitting down in the Cascine to watch the people drive past in their carriages, a thing which she usually considers a waste of time and energy.

"I am tired of Florence," she said

finally. "Suppose we go down through Italy and finish our trip in that way, Georgiana. The money which further lessons would cost you may have for your mother and the boys if you like."

I looked at her in amazement. It was the first time she ever had spoken of them voluntarily, and of course she knew that nothing would give me so much happiness. I had saved little things for them by walking when I might have driven, and so on. A white vellum Virgil for Jack, and a paper weight with a mosaic rooster on it for Phil, and some good photographs and a terra cotta bust for mother, which I meant to perjure my soul by not declaring when we reached the custom house, because I could not afford to pay duty. So after her proposal I felt like a millionaire. Life must be very comfortable for them, because they can fly into a rage whenever they like. I never have been so situated that I could, and sometimes my idea of heaven is a spot where I can sit on a heavenly footstool and play ball with all the people who have made life miserable for me in one way and another. Toss them up and watch them come down again and fling them up again, and so on. It would be most satisfactory.

The next day we left Florence and came down past the Campagna to the Eternal City. Cousin Marcella quoted Helen Hunt when we reached the place where

"Level lands lay low and drear,
Long stretches of waste meadow pale and
sere;
Wide, barren fields for miles and miles, until
The pale horizon walled them in."

I love her poems, with their crimsons and russet browns and yellows. I used to turn around in church every Sunday morning and look up into her strong face and steady eyes and wait for her to shake hands with me. She never forgot to do it, though I was such a little thing. So I worshipped her accordingly.

Rome was strangely familiar, due to my sworn enemies, Caesar and Cicero, I suppose. Ruins and modern hotels, ancient baths and railway stations hobbled everywhere with broken columns and palaces and churches with their steps lined with beggars, or rows of them squatting before the heavy, padded curtain of leather at the church door.

Our room looked down upon the fountain where foreigners toss their coins to insure a return, and the greedy urchins fight and squabble and rush into the water for them. The long hotel dining room held two hundred and fifty people at dinner, so I felt that Cousin Marcella was comparatively safe in that throng. Not a week later, however, she came to me.

"Georgiana," she said, questioningly, holding out a filmy lace scarf fit for a bride. "Do you think pale blue is too young for me?"

I ought to have foreseen circumstances. I ought to have answered severely, "The crown of middle age needs no additional glory," but instead of that I tied it under her chin. Then I took it off, and, seating her before the mirror, piled her pretty, gray-brown hair from the stiff, tight coil that usually holds it, into a soft mass at the back of her head, while it fell into little rings of its own making around her forehead, as if glad to be released from bondage.

I ought to have known from that very fact that there were depths unsounded in Cousin Marcella, but I didn't. I blissfully undid her precise bow that stands like a spear head on either side of her chin, and wound the scarf around and over the plain linen collar, letting the ends fall softly as they would, and when I had finished, Cousin Marcella's cheeks were flushed pink and she kissed me before she went down stairs.

That afternoon she took a walk, and on the next and the next and the next she did the same, and then I came to my senses. There was a barnacle, and he

belonged entirely to Cousin Marcella, and what to do about it I didn't know. There are such things as professional barnacles, and Cousin Marcella is so very unsophisticated.

But I saw where my duty lay, because she has always shown me that, so I merely followed her example and did what she would have done under the same circumstances, even though it required some self sacrifice.

"I am going for a little walk," she said to me the next day. "Possibly down toward the Vatican. Don't wait for me, my dear, if I happen to be late for dinner. Mrs. Hesley"—an Englishwoman we know—"will chaperone you."

"Never!" thought I. "That barnacle shall find there are two of us." I waited till the elevator boy had piloted her down stairs and had practised the English sentences he had learned the day before in his English grammar, which he carries under his arm and studies night and day, because his salary will be doubled when he can speak our language, and then I took a tram and followed in her wake.

People stared a good deal. A kindly, fat old priest gathered his skirts together and allowed me a seat at his side, and so we swung past the Castle of St. Angelo and down toward the Vatican and St. Peter's. It is rather a large place in which to hunt for a maiden cousin, but I remembered seeing her Baedeker turned down at the statuary collection, so I marched sedately toward that. Through corridor and room and niche and hall, and finally at the farthest end, walking peacefully down the long aisle lined with marble figures, my eye fell upon Cousin Marcella and the barnacle.

She was gliding slowly at his side, her head inclined attentively—he is a trifle shorter than her bonnet line—her Baedeker carelessly held in one hand, while with the other she casually rearranged a lock or two of hair that had become loose in her attempt at arranging

it in the fashion which I had shown her. On the whole, it was not as alarming as I had fancied. Instead of a seedy looking Italian with restless, glittering eyes, there was a gentle, mild mannered little American gentleman with a fine head and an air of nearsighted good breeding about him that soothed away some of my fears. Clearly, the barnacle was not to be despised—and he might prove of value.

I slipped into the Laocoon alcove as they half turned and waited a moment, stopping to look at the Apollo Belvedere and to tell him that I had made his acquaintance long ago at the Symphony concerts in the Boston Music Hall, and then, remembering my duty, I sailed firmly and boldly down upon them. Cousin Marcella has had a way all through our European trip of interrupting any interesting conversations I may have had with chance acquaintances by bearing down upon me with deeply mysterious smiles and the words of warning:

"Georgiana, I believe we have an engagement now. Have we not?"

And of course she expected me to remember promptly that we had and to politely excuse myself and repair to my room, where sometimes I cried and sometimes I didn't, and always I was told: "Maturity alone brings powers of proper discretion and discrimination, and for the sake of your future welfare you must be guarded as if you were a gem."

Of course she was right, though I did want to experiment a little. So now I remembered those very words. They were of value. Cousin Marcella had used them. She firmly believed them. She had repeated them to me over nearly every man we ever had met, and now her time had come.

She should be guarded as if she were a diadem.

"Good morning, Cousin Marcella," said I, very brightly, walking up behind them with a noiseless step, and half in-

cluding the barnacle in my smile, which was as brilliantly mysterious as I knew how to make it.

Cousin Marcella gulped nervously and the barnacle turned in a well bred way, so well bred that I was sorry for my duty. It seemed a pity, but there was nothing else to do in times like these, and Cousin Marcella frowned upon all chance acquaintances, as I knew from experience. She had told me so in times past.

But now she was clearly disturbed; even more than disturbed. She was agitated. Her presence of mind had deserted her at the most critical period of her life, and remembering her excuse of a morning promenade in solitude an hour or so before, she writhed.

"Cousin Marcella," said I, with dazzling sweetness, but with deadly meaning. "I believe we have an engagement now. Have we not?"

She turned toward me hastily, her bonnet strings fluttering, her Baedeker lifted uncertainly. But I was relentless. I knew my duty.

"Maturity alone brings powers of proper discretion and discrimination, dear Cousin Marcella," I said firmly, as if were reciting a well learned quotation, as I was. "And for the sake of your future—"

"Georgiana," she gasped, grasping my arm and dragging me toward the barnacle, who was watching the affair with mild surprise, "I wish to present you to Professor Broughton. This is my niece, professor. Georgiana," with an imploring look at my firmly set mouth and conscientious eye, "the professor was kindly explaining the magnitude of Grecian thought. He has written several books upon the subject, and is here for a short rest before returning to college."

I hadn't the heart to be as severe with her as she had been at me. I smiled upon him. I encouraged him to proceed. We walked together, and he in-

instructed two instead of one. I never left Cousin Marcella's side. I absorbed his information and implored and begged the privilege of being allowed to join their morning walks and drives. (Here Cousin Marcella winced.) I enthused and glowed and carried a pencil and took notes and asked advice upon this and that and the other, and heard him tell Cousin Marcella that Miss Georgiana was a remarkable girl with a brilliant future.

And all the time I smiled, a dark, deadly smile, and never said a word, and—Cousin Marcella didn't know what to do with me. I walked with them mornings and read with them afternoons. I adorned her till she looked so womanly sweet that I kissed her, and then froze into unconscious absorption when she turned to me with a little half shiver as if she longed to be just a plain, every day happy woman. I praised her wonderful memory to the professor and remarked upon her virtuous qualities, and then calmly led the dear man on to a fuller conception of them by never allowing them a moment together alone. He was surprised at my interest; he was bewildered by the gaiety of the situation, for I did my duty nobly, and the hours we were together I chaperoned my Cousin Marcella with all the far seeing brilliancy I could rake and scrape together, as if she had been a diadem. She was clever enough to understand. She was too much in love to thwart it. A woman in love is always at her worst, her most helpless self; and Cousin Marcella was, without doubt, showering all her belated admiration and affection upon this gentle, sensitive, delightful, gray haired man, and it was not to be wondered at. The monk had paved the way. She understood it now; and he, the barnacle, with the exasperating unconsciousness of the truly intellectual, never realized the situation at all. He enjoyed her companionship; and so we three did Rome day after day.

Sometimes I trotted them down to St. Peter's to watch the people.

I shouldn't have allowed it, anyway. Malaria at Cousin Marcella's time of life would be fatal to her happiness.

We went quietly up stairs, where it looked rather homelike, after all, with our books and photographs and odds and ends, and I sat down to think. I am learning to do that over here. I began by setting apart Thursday nights for that purpose, but so much has been on my mind lately that I have needed more time, and so I have fallen into the way of devoting an hour to that occupation every night. It is telling on my mental activity, I can see; but Cousin Marcella must be safely piloted through this crisis.

"Georgiana," she said, after an hour had passed without a word from either of us, "I have \$300,000 at my disposal."

If she had said the moon I wouldn't have been more surprised. I knew of course that her income was large for just one person, but to own all that, while we had nothing! I looked down at my shoes, and tried not to think of the boys' college expenses and mother's mended clothes and said to myself that it was all right, that we needed to be poor to develop us properly.

"I have been thinking very seriously of late," she went on quietly. "Jacob never would approve of it if he knew. I have wasted years that might have been full and rich and happy by burying myself in my own personal interests, and by feeling that brain was of greater consequence than the heart. I am going to the American consul tomorrow, and learn how to adjust my affairs before another day goes over my head. One-third of the money is to be transferred to your mother and the boys. Jacob's children shall be properly educated."

I don't know how to tell what happened then. Perhaps I had rather not, because it seemed so like an answer to

all my prayers, but the next morning I put on my hat and started off before breakfast for the Coliseum.

It was cold, and patches of ice lay in the gutters of the street that lies beyond it. It was the day before Christmas, too, but I never thought of that. I went straight down to the Forum where I could be alone and think. The Capitol was at one end and the Coliseum at the other, and I sat down on a part of Caesar's temple tomb and planted both feet on the paving stones of the Via Sacra running through the center and then I stared up at the ruins dotting the Forum here and there and made up my mind that never again, just so long as I lived, would I judge anyone harshly.

Even the professor caught the Christmas spirit that day. It was all I could do to keep from telling him the whole story, but I did let him know that Cousin Marcella was to put the boys through college, whereat he took off his spectacles and put them on again, nodding his head all the time, while she turned away and blushed like a girl when he said: "The impulse of a noble heart, dear madam. The impulse of a noble heart."

If ever two were suited for each other, those two are, even to their manner of speaking, for they clothe their thoughts in the same lofty phrasing as naturally as I rush into slanginess.

Later on we ran down for a peep at the Lateran, gay with scarlet stuffs and candles, and then reached the Maggiore in time to see a long procession of priests bearing the cradle of Christ (?) among them. The music was glorious. One voice, pure and rich and true, rang out above the others and Cousin Marcella called the professor's attention to it.

"The voice of a woman who has suffered," she whispered, and he nodded assent, keeping time with his cane. The voice came nearer and nearer, while we craned our necks to see the owner, and then it rushed out again in a great velvet

roll of sound, and there stood a black, dirty, unlovely Italian priest, horrible to look at, but gifted with this great glory.

The professor never mentioned the suffering woman, and then I was sure they were meant for each other. Any other man would have laughed. We finished the afternoon by looking in at St. Peter's. It was as nearly crowded as it can be and the organ was pealing from one of the chancels as we lifted the heavy, padded leathern curtain before the door and edged our way in. I stepped on something at the entrance, and there at my feet lay a fob chain. Worn and old, but of pure gold with a large four leaf clover for a charm. It had slipped from some man's watch as he pushed through the crowd, evidently, as the clasp was broken.

Cousin Marcella looked at this as I held it up.

"All the good things of life come to the young," she said gently. "Now I ought to find a Roman antique, to make matters even."

"Perhaps you have, my dear madam," said the professor softly, looking at her through his spectacles with such genuine feeling that they twinkled with tenderness. "Perhaps you have, my dear madam."

The crowd surged closer and closer.

"Allow me to protect you," he said, taking her arm and squaring his shoulders as a swarthy Italian edged by.

"I shall be very glad to have you," said Cousin Marcella bravely.

"Always?" said the professor, looking at her steadily, with the straightforward simplicity that I admire in him.

"Always," said Cousin Marcella, with quivering lips.

And then they stood looking at the stained arch window that fills the end of the church, as if no more words were needed. And I beamed and glowed and patted a small Italian on the head, which no one in his sane mind would do, and gave him my last coin and acted in

a wholly irresponsible and erratic manner. After we had gone up stairs that night, I sat down and made out my set of rules for wifehood according to my ideas of things. I never mentioned comporting myself with dignity or cheerfulness or obedience or self sacrifice. I held these up for her to see instead:

Tell your husband that he is the most thoughtful man on earth. If he smokes (which the professor does) tell him it is his legitimate right that he should have one room in the house where he can enjoy his cigar and be absolutely comfortable and where you can be sure that he is happy. All of which is to be done in case you really care more for the parlor curtains than you do for him. And last and most important of all, try

to enjoy the same things at the same time.

I watched Cousin Marcella while she read, and I hoped she would smile at the absurdity of my trying to discuss such a subject with any sort of earnestness, even though I had put in some of the things I knew my mother had tried in her beautiful married life. But she didn't. She held out her arms to me.

"Out of the mouths of babes—" she said; and then we both held each other fast and never spoke another word for a long time. For, after all, women who love men are very much alike, whether they are forty or half that age.

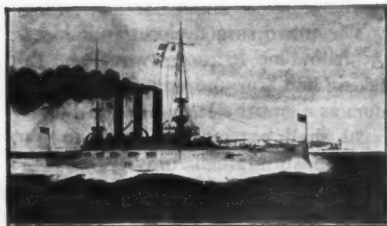
So my first course in chaperoning is ended and I feel that I have learned much. May my next be as successful.

[And it was, as you shall learn who follow the fortunes of the ladies and their lovers to a happy curtain-fall in the National Magazine for August.—THE EDITOR]

THE NATION'S IRON WALLS

By Edmund Ogden Sawyer, Jr.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



BATTLESHIP OHIO AT FULL SPEED OFF SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

THE navy of the United States is today, without exception, the most formidable in the world, though outnumbered in numbers and weight by three other navies. But backed by the naval prowess of over a century, by the late battles of Santiago and Manila and by the

continuous performance of record breaking feats at target practice, the ships flying the Stars and Stripes are the most feared and respected among all the fleets that roam the seas.

England's navy is the largest in numbers and weight, but it is untried power and on its roster are scores of ships that would be put out of action by one well placed shot. Then England's navy is scattered over the entire globe in such a way that, should a country like Germany, which ranks third, suddenly declare war, it might with brilliant strategy defeat the great armada by fighting it piecemeal.

France, ranking second, has spent millions for torpedo boats, and according to naval experts she might, if reasonably



WITH THE SQUADRON IN THE FAR EAST: AFTER BRIDGE OF THE KENTUCKY

successful, destroy the channel and home squadrons of England on the first attack by using her torpedo flotillas alone. This would leave the rest of her navy the advantage.

Russia, at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war, ranked fourth, and could she have gotten her fleets together might have overwhelmed the Japs by sheer force of numbers; but the wily Japs caught them separated — the Variag and Korietz at Chemulpo, one fleet at Port Arthur, another at Vladivostock, and the rest in the Baltic and Black seas — the latter so far away they could not save their mates that were in the far East when the war began. The result has placed the United States navy fourth in size.

The United States being isolated, so far as danger from the navy of any next

door neighbor is concerned, has nothing to fear except from across the sea. With this in view, our naval experts are building a defence to cover emergencies. There are battleships and cruisers with enough speed and coal capacity to carry a war into an enemy's seas, and drive his merchantmen off the ocean; a fleet of torpedo boats sufficiently strong for all general purposes; a score of torpedo boat destroyers fast enough to catch anything afloat, and lastly, a fleet of coast defence monitors for the protection of our own harbors, each a veritable Gibraltar of strength and endurance, a type which no other navy possesses.

The navy can, in order better to comprehend its strength, be divided in two groups. The first includes all types constructed before the war with Spain, and



TORPEDO BOAT CUSHING, BATTLESHIP IOWA AND CRUISER BROOKLYN

the other, those added since. The defects discovered in the ships of the first group have been remedied in the second. For instance, it was forcibly impressed upon naval authorities that a ship defending herself should keep end on to the enemy in order to make as small a target as possible; this applies especially to coast defence vessels lying low in the water, for their forward turret would then act as a protection to the vulnerable parts behind. When the vessel has her stern toward the point she is defending, the after turret is not available, so, as a matter of economy, it has been omitted, and a new class of turreted coast defence vessels of the Wyoming type constructed.

American battleships carry more heavy guns for their tonnage than those in any

other navy. The Oregon type of the old navy is a veritable hedgehog, with her six turrets mounting eight eight-inch and four thirteen-inch guns, with four six-inch guns in casements. In fact, the guns were so thick aboard vessels of this class at Santiago that they interfered with each other. At times the small guns had to be deserted, owing to the blast from the big one above. The Rhode Island, our latest type, mounts still more. There are four thirteen-inch, eight eight-inch and twelve six-inch rifles. Interference during firing has been done away with by building one turret on top of the other, or superimposing them, and constructing the broadside turrets far enough above so as not to interfere with the six-inch guns.

The coming of submarines has made



DESTROYER FARRAGUT AND BATTLESHIP RHODE ISLAND IN FOREGROUND, CRUISER CHARLESTON IN THE BACKGROUND

a change in the feeling of safety for big battleships. Successfully attacked by one of these unseen foes, the battleship would be seen to careen suddenly and sink beneath the waves, struck and destroyed by a torpedo sent from the submarine; but nevertheless the battleship is still king of the seas and will continue as such until submarine navigation is more thoroughly understood; and very likely by that time a way of protection from these vipers of the sea will have been discovered.

The strength of a properly managed submarine was demonstrated in recent maneuvers in the north Atlantic. A battleship engaged in making a raid on the enemy was, while en route, suddenly put out of action by a submarine. The

battleship was proceeding slowly on her way when a round iron cone popped out of the water on the port quarter, followed by the cigar shaped top of the "sub." A young ensign stuck his head out of the cone, and as the ponderous floating fort slid by he hailed the bridge: "Sir! You are torpedoed."

"The hell I am!" was the reply of the gray haired old captain, whose naval career dated back to the time when the "Great Admiral" damned those same pests.

But he was, and the umpire had to rule the vessel out of the maneuver, while the "sub" slipped under the waves and disappeared as rapidly as it came.

The battle before Santiago, in which

the ships fought while running parallel to each other, demonstrated that warships built to go into the enemy's seas and give as good as was sent, should be able to concentrate the most guns on broadside firing, and that a broadside of guns as in the olden days was not to be despised when it more than doubled the weight of metal which could be thrown on any point, except straight ahead or directly in the rear. The enemy would not be at either of these places, except when he was pursued or in pursuit, and in either case the turret guns would be the first to come into action, they having the greatest range. Upon overhauling or being overhauled, the broadside is brought to bear by swinging from right to left.

With these facts in mind, the naval experts have produced four new types of battleships:

1.—The Kearsarge and Kentucky, with seven heavy guns on each side, and with superimposed or two-story turrets, bow and stem, each containing four guns, two twelve-inch and two eight-inch.

2.—The Illinois, Wisconsin and Alabama, with the same number of broadside guns differently arranged and two ordinary turrets, each mounting a pair of thirteen-inch rifles.

3.—The Ohio, Missouri and the new Maine, mounting eight guns on each broadside with the same turrets as the Illinois, but greater speed.

4.—The crowning triumph, the Rhode Island class of five great battleships, the strongest and fastest in the world, mounting beside twelve guns in the casement, four guns bow and stern in superimposed turrets and two heavy guns in a single turret on each broadside.

The same idea of broadside armament has been carried out in the two types of cruiser, of which the California and Milwaukee are examples.

"Next to heavy guns, speed; only get the speed first," has been the motto of

the United States navy since the building of the first ship of our once famous "White Squadron." As early as 1892, when our modern navy was in its childhood, the Minneapolis and Columbia were built, and were at that time the fastest warships afloat, making twenty-three and twenty-two and one-half knots respectively. Today there are few in their class that can catch them.

Now, we construct battleships weighing 14,000 tons and over (nearly twice the weight of these first light cruisers) which must attain a speed of eighteen knots before the government will accept them—or two knots better than the Oregon made when running down the Christobal Colon at Santiago; but in cruisers, it is very hard to pass the record of twenty-three knots set on that first great race against time.

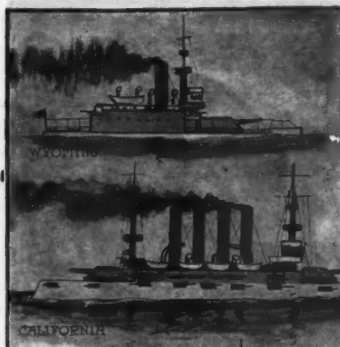
Torpedo boats at twenty-eight knots and torpedo boat destroyers at thirty are being constantly constructed.

The navy at the beginning of the war with Spain numbered about sixty-six fighting ships, of which two, the Maine and Charleston, were lost. Since that time congress has provided for the construction of about eighty warships of all types, of which more than half are completed. This eighty includes thirteen battleships, six armored cruisers, three semi-armored cruisers, six protected cruisers, four monitors, twenty-three torpedo boats, sixteen torpedo boat destroyers, and seven submarines.

The finest of battleships or the swiftest cruiser is worse than useless if manned by poor gunners—hence the expenditure of several million dollars each year on target practice—and such target practice! If the guns were set on immovable mounts ashore and shot at fixed targets where everything is still, they would hardly be aimed with greater accuracy than does the Yankee gunner aboard a rolling warship, who is firing at a target which rises and falls with



"SIR, YOU ARE TORPEDOED!"—A SCENE DURING THE RECENT NAVAL MANOEUVERS
IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, DURING WHICH A SUBMARINE PUT A
BATTLESHIP OUT OF ACTION



the sea while his ship steams by.

Seven hits out of eight shots has become almost an every day occurrence for daylight target practice; but a vessel of our Atlantic fleet made that record recently at night by the aid of a search-light, and another ship landed ten consecutive shots from the great guns in her forward turrets while steaming at ten miles an hour past a target more than a mile distant.

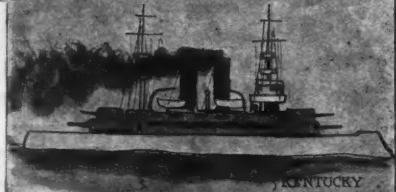
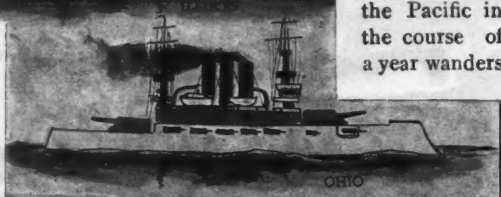
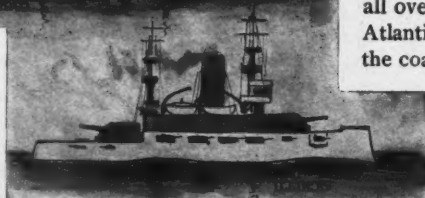
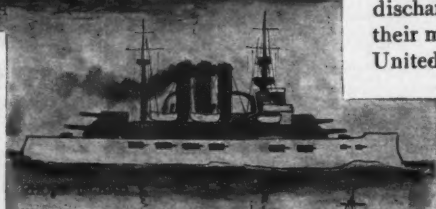
A great advance has been made in gun carriages and naval mounts for the big rifles. The "boys" at Santiago had to juggle their guns up and down, to right and left, with every roll of the sea, and yet they annihilated the Spanish ships, save one, in forty minutes. Today the big guns are set on mounts which keep them at any angle of elevation desired, no matter how much the ship rolls, thus doing away with the principal impediment of accuracy of fire at sea. Now the gunner need

only shift this gun from right to left as necessary. The new mounts are constructed on a principle similar to that of a marine lamp, which will remain level even though the ship be rolling eighteen degrees. Quick firing, rapid fires and automatic guns have been improved at the same time, and the men who turned the sides of the Spanish

cruisers into sieves at Manila Bay could write their names in bullets on the sides of those ships today, so rapidly can the automatics be discharged and so accurate has their marksmanship become. The United States navy is today divided

into three squadrons, one in the Atlantic and two in the Pacific, with single vessels scattered all over the world. The Atlantic squadron makes the coast from Maine to

Colon its cruising ground, while the squadron on the Pacific in the course of a year wanders



TYPES OF THE NEW NAVY

all the way from the Bering Sea to Valparaiso, and even south of that.

The strongest representation of the navy at present is in the Far East, where it is needed to keep the "balance of power," as it were, and act as a warning to any outsider who might like to put his finger in the "China pie," that is being cut and sliced by the Russo-Japanese conflict.

The Far Eastern squadron includes several battleships and the two coast defence monitors Monadnock and Monterey, which were sent to Dewey at the

great respect and marvel at the high standard of the American seamen, and going ashore declare a general holiday in honor of the distinguished visitor.

Less than twelve years ago American seamen were mobbed at nearly every port their ship put into, and in Valparaiso harbor some were killed, but today the people in that city would as soon think of killing their own mayor as an American sailor, because the precedent has been set by the nation and the navy. "Fighting Bob" (Evans)



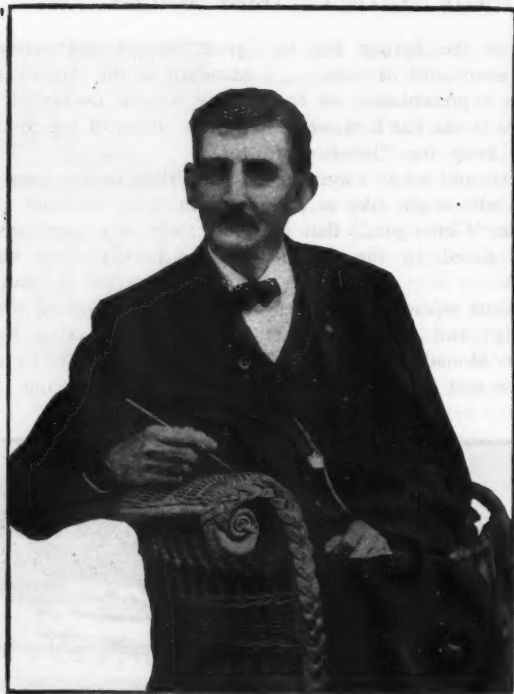
TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER PAUL JONES, ONE OF THE NAVY'S FLYERS

time when he needed certain prestige over a foreign fleet threatening to complicate matters in Manila Bay. It is needless to say that with the coming of the monitors the foreign fleet departed "between two days."

The entrance of a warship flying the Stars and Stripes into a foreign port is today the signal for a general outburst of "Huzzahs," "Hochs," "Banzais," (depending upon the nation) in welcome of the visitor. Officials come aboard and examine the great guns with a

threatened to bombard Valparaiso for the killing of the Baltimore's men, and Spain lost half her navy and most of her island possessions for destroying the Maine.

Today Columbia is queen of the sea, and the "nation's iron walls" are as world renowned as were its wooden walls at the time of the Constitution, the "Old Ironsides" that was known throughout the entire world by a great "gridiron flag" which she flew in every sea.



MR. J. R. MARTIN OF SHELL ROCK, IOWA, A VETERAN
OF THE CIVIL WAR AND THE COMPOSER OF MANY
BALLADS READ AT CAMPFIRE MEETINGS
OF HIS COMRADES IN ARMS

THE BIRTHDAY OF OLD GLORY

By J. R. Martin

SHELL ROCK, IOWA

THE flags were up that morning for Independence Day,
The air was mad with music, and every masthead gay
With straining flags and streamers fluttering wildly to be free,
Casting their bright reflections upon the sunlit sea.
"Then," said my son beside me, with brave brown eyes aflame,
"Dear Father, can you tell me the gallant hero's name
Who raised our starry banner, from ship or fortress wall,
Full in the face of tyrants, the very first of all?"
My son, do you remember, how many a cloudless night,
We watched the vaulted heavens flash star by star alight;
The pole-star's steady beacon, the Pleiads' mild accord,
And fierce Orion flashing his threat'ning belt and sword?

So our old patriot fathers, up to these same fair skies
Raised in the sleepless midnight their weary, anxious eyes,
Fain with the God of Nations in silent prayer to speak,
Who fights with proud oppressors the battles of the weak.

And when in grave assemblage, beneath that storied tower,
Whose throbbing bell had sounded our Nation's natal hour,
Our careworn congress gathered in faith the most sublime,
To hail the march of Freedom down the long course of time.

"Choose we," they said, "a standard, that till the sun turns pale,
And Summer time and Winter, and seed and harvest fail,
Still in the hands of freemen, a sacred truth shall be,
To lead our brave sons forward to death or victory.

"Red for the price of freedom, blood from the patriot's heart,
White for his soul and honor, which life nor death can part."
Across this sacred banner the thirteen stripes they drew.
And left above unsullied a field of heaven's bright blue.

"Then, as the stars above us together speak His praise,
Who placed them in their orbits and marked their trackless ways;
Let thus upon our Banner, our States united shine
And a new constellation proclaim His hand divine."

Thus said they in the council, these men of faith and deed,
And bade the scribe record it that friend or foe might read;
The waiting west winds answered with waves that beat in tune,
That seventeen and seventy-seven, in the pleasant month of June.

Then spake Paul Jones of the Ranger, a gallant captain he,
"Today, my valiant shipmates, our good brig puts to sea;
This be her boast forever while keel shall cut the wave,
That she first bore these colors, the flagship of the brave."

He sailed down the good harbor, while from his masthead flew
The Stars and Stripes untarnished, the red and white and blue;
"God smite him," said the captain, "with all the blasts that blow,
Who dares pull down that banner in face of any foe."

On o'er the broad Atlantic, he caught the trade wind fair
And braved the British lion within his island lair;
Up the blue Firth of Solway, in the bright river Dee,
Lord Selkirk's proud retainers before him bent the knee.

High soared our flag, as backward he turned his prow again
To meet the hosts of Britain upon the open main;
There midst the din of battle, the billows' roar and surge,
Went down before our banner the standard of King George.

Loud rang the shouts of welcome the people raised that day,
As they watched the gallant cruiser come beating up the bay;
Her conquering colors tattered and rent by shot and gale,
Sign of a storm-tossed Union, whose cause was to prevail.

The fathers of this Nation sleep in their honored graves,
The Ranger's dauntless captain has ceased to sail the waves,
But o'er a land of freemen, unvexed by foreign foe,
Still floats the Flag they lifted a hundred years ago.

O Thou, whose arm almighty throughout the ages holds
The destiny of nations, guard Thou its sacred folds;
No traitorous hand dissever its white and crimson bars,
No shadow of dishonor e'er stain its silver stars!

Dear son, I've tried to tell you all that our Flag should be,
And its first sea defender, who taught it victory;
There is only one great danger could make its past in vain:
Worshipping Mammon's Golden Calf—man's deadly lust for gain.

THE FLAG ABOVE THE SCHOOL HOUSE

By Colonel J. A. Vera

CUSTER CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

A SCHOOLGIRL asks me, "What is the use of a flag over the school house?" The very question shows that the flag should be over the school house, an object lesson in teaching the boys and girls patriotism. Without that emblem of a free country, with all that it implies, there would be no free school. It is fitting that the starred banner of free America should unfurl its protecting folds over the American free school under whatever circumstances—everywhere.

It is fitting that the school boy, the school girl, should come to know that patriotism—love of country—is paramount to all other love below the canopy of the skies, outside the home where mother is.

It is fitting that the youthful student should learn that the history of this country, from its infancy blazoned in thirteen stripes to its maturity resplendent in forty-five stars, is embodied in and inseparable from the peerless flag waving over the school house; that all the noble deeds of peace and war asso-

ciated with our triumphal progress in the onward march of the nations, are enshrined in the gleaming colors of the grand old flag, that is now floating over the school house.

Pardon me as I recall—not in poetic fancy, but in grim reality—war incidents of man's devotion, aye, and woman's too, to that flag.

South Mountain was but a prelude to Antietam—a battle of skirmishers, sharpshooters and light artillery. A Pennsylvania regiment is cautiously zigzagging its way up the steep incline, using the rocks and trees as a shield to cover the advance. The fire from above, centering on the colors, is deadly and the color bearer falls. Another snatches the flag, advances it a rod or two, and he too goes down under that hail of lead. It seems certain death now to take up the fallen flag, but there is no hesitation. Promptly Bob Lemon springs to the front and grasps the staff with a yell, "On up the mountain, boys; I'll bring the flag!" He "brings the flag" but a moment, when he is

hit, but staggers on. Again the pitiless sharpshooter, hidden above, sends a ball with surer aim and the brave color bearer falls. Turning on his back, he still holds up at arm's length, with stiffening fingers, the flag he loved so well.

And so, with his face to the foe and the flag of his country yet defiantly waving above him, Bob Lemmon goes over the dark river. Poor Bob, I knew him well. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"—for his country—for his flag. Perhaps the recording angel, in pity, dropped a tear on the fair page of the book of remembrance and blotted out the youthful shortcomings when that gallant standard bearer fell at South Mountain:

"He rests with the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom

Of the pitying cypress and pine;

Your hero's the man of the sword and the plume,

But the man with the musket is mine."

And the regiment goes "on up the mountain,"—the flag goes on up the mountain—the army goes on up the mountain, to win victory 'mid the crashing storm of musketry, and the screaming shell, and the powder smoke, and the cannon's thunders and death's crimsoned harvest at Antietam! Once more "On to Richmond!" and so we move along the broad highway toward Warrenton. Half a hundred thousand men in column of four abreast. It's the shimmering days of Indian Summer. There is beauty all around. Away yonder, a mile in advance, a cheer goes up. That is unusual. Another and another and another, as each brigade of the moving column reaches a certain point there are cheers. We don't understand it, but we are coming nearer as we march, and on our left is a solitary, stately mansion, shuttered and curtained—they generally are—no sign of life save kinky heads, sable faces, wonder-

ing eyes and glistening ivories pressing against the picket fence. We pass that frowning dwelling,—there! Hallelujah! Every cap is off—a cheer goes up, long, loud and resounding—echoing and re-echoing from the mountain ridge yonder seeming to cleave asunder the very clouds overhead, and go ringing on toward heaven! Pushed back a few feet, parallel with the front, is a wing. Leaning far out of the window, a woman of twenty-five, the handsomest in the state—to our eyes.

Great masses of dark hair tumbling about the snowy neck—cheeks warm with the rose-hued glow of enthusiasm—big, brown eyes fairly blazing with patriotic fever—the blushing lips parted in a half-smile, a greeting and a benison—the white hand raised with the bare, rounded arm, fluttering like a storm-beaten lily as she waves—what? A poor little, pitiful American flag that brings the moisture to our eyes; a relic of some by-gone Fourth of July, no larger than two pocket handkerchiefs united; frayed, faded, discolored, but every star is there. In the entire state no other star spangled banner is seen, except where armed men carry it. To wave that flag is treason—treason to the Southern Confederacy. Arrest, imprisonment, confiscation, fire, scorn, insult may follow! O, ye people of today, thank your God you do not know what war is—at your doors! She dares it all. Seeming a veritable goddess of victory, or a living, glowing personification of "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" And men cheer as they never did before. If any man dared, he would vault over the low pickets to throw his arms around that brave little flag—stars, stripes, staff, standard bearer and all—in a hug that would make a grizzly bear go off and claw himself for envy. No commander on earth—nothing short of the fiat of God Almighty Himself—might silence the cheers of these men in blue for the

fair color bearer at the window, as darling as any of the thousands wearing the Maltese cross on the cap and marching on with loaded muskets in their hands to do battle for that flag—soldiers who have fought for it—soldiers even who have bled for it—soldiers who would die for it—soldiers who almost worship it. Is it of use over the school house—that flag?

The dark hair would have threads of silver now, but never to be forgotten is the flag tableau down in Virginia one day, burned on heart and brain of the weary soldier.

Full often the flag was shot down before Appomattox crowned the victors, but the man of the musket—silent in song and story—was never “twenty miles away.” And today, in a more perfect Union, a reunited people have gone “on up the mountain” bearing the flag of a mighty nation and planted it on a peak so high that, like the aurora

borealis of the North, the flashing brilliancy of its rainbow-hued rays illumine the darkling clouds of night clear around the world!

Today baby fingers, from the primary department of your free school, grasping a slender cord, may raise to the mast-head the flag of the free and fix it there.

The greatest monarch of earth sitting upon a golden throne, wearing a jewelled crown, wielding an autocratic scepter over myriads of servile subjects and hiring soldiers, reinforced by an ironclad fleet invincible as the Spanish armada of Elizabeth’s day was supposed to be, dare not tear it down again! Oh, no.

“Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!”

And baby hands put it there—over the school house! “Old Glory,” I salute thee!

THE KEYNOTE

By Mary E. Knowlton

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

I DID not know these summer days

Were ever veiled in such soft haze;

Nor that the tender sky’s pure blue

Wore ever look so sweet, so true!

Nor that the stars have such a grace;

Nor that each little flower’s face

Grows smiling-wise as you pass by;

Nor that brooks sing — I can’t tell why!

Nor did I know that shine and shade

And blowing wind, and waving blade,

And little nesting bird and bee

Could sing one glad part-song to me!

Sun shone, winds blew, birds sang, I think,

And flowers were pretty, white and pink;

Blue sky there must have been above,—

But now — but now, all things breathe love!

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By Helen Arthur

NEW YORK CITY



MARGARET ILLINGTON

XX

MARGARET ILLINGTON

THE smallness of this queer old world!

Not more than five years ago in Chicago, I used to attend the performances at the Conway School of Acting, and I readily recognized the unusual talent of the girl who played the important emotional roles.

Naturally her work was amateurish, but she had that indefinable something called personality by some, magnetism by others, but which possessed in abundance, is known to all as genius. At the commencement exercises, when the Joseph Jefferson diamond medal was

awarded, this girl—Miss Maud Light—received it.

I came to know her casually, and the girls and boys in her class added items to my knowledge. From them I learned of the nice things she did to help out slender allowances and the nice way in which she did them. The artistic temperament was hers—impulsive, generous, quick to resent, but quicker still to forgive. I remembered her because she interested me, and I intended to watch her grow in her profession.

Right from the school she went into a Summer stock company, and that Winter she played with Mr. James K. Hackett in "The Pride of Jennico," later becoming his leading woman. Her stage name was Margaret Illington, and I saw it among the list of the members of the Daly Stock Company. Then she played with Mr. Sothern in "If I Were King." The principal role in "A Japanese Nightingale" fell to Miss Illington, and at this time came also the announcement of her marriage to Mr. Daniel Frohman. I said sadly, "Now her incentive to work will be gone"; but I was wrong, for her best interpretation came this season when she played Mrs. Leffingwell in Augustus Thomas' comedy "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." Her entrance with a makeup showing her half frozen by a blizzard was the best bit in the whole play when considered as wholly novel.

I went behind the scenes one afternoon to tell her I intended writing this. She took me down to the Lyceum's tiny green room to argue me out of it.

"You can have my picture, but don't, please don't say I said a word for publication. How can I at this present date talk about my career and keep my face

straight? There are those who think because I am Mr. Frohman's wife I can play what, where and when I choose, but I know that the audiences do not care who I AM—only what I DO, and I intend to show them that I haven't stopped working and working hard!"

"How did you get your nom de theater?"

"Can't you guess? It's a composite of my native town and state—Bloomington, Illinois. I wanted to keep my own name, Maud Light, but my husband thought it seemed out of keeping—with heavy roles; and it admitted of puns galore—'The Light that Failed,' for instance; and so I was rechristened."

She looked away from me and out at the big Lyceum stage, then back again to me and said, just a trifle wistfully, "How long ago it is since I used to play Lady Vivash in 'The Weaker Sex,' or Myra Bashford in 'Her Day of Grace' on that little stage on Michigan Avenue in Chicago," and a long time it certainly was when measured by results.

3

XXI

BLANCHE BATES

I TOLD a friend of mine that I was going to interview Blanche Bates, and she said to me: "I won't read the article; I do not care to know one single thing about her. I want to believe that she is Japanese, and that after one thousand years she found her sweetheart!" So it may be that this sketch will be skipped by most of the National's readers, for Blanche Bates has played Yo-San in "The Darling of the Gods" from New York to San Francisco, and from one to two thousand and twenty-one times. Much as I dislike to shatter the illusions of so many—first of all, Blanche Bates is essentially American and has no indications of being love lorn.

"The open air, a horse and a dog for

me. I rather expected to go to Europe, but I'm afraid that California is calling too loud."

California is her native state, and it was there that her mother befriended young David Belasco, and to the results of his gratitude her daughter is now immeasurably indebted.

The dressing room down at the Academy of Music is large and roomy—not a bit modern, for this old playhouse was the home of New York grand opera, and Patti herself once occupied this identical room. I sat in a huge throne chair—a theatrical "prop"—and I watched the strange creature in the sandaled feet go about the place and was dumb struck—she was a foreigner to me, this almond eyed girl, and I couldn't speak her language.

When she left the room, I would listen to her maid chatter about the places the company had played. She told me about their opening a new opera house in Spokane, Washington, and the chairs didn't arrive in time, so that the people were given the option of taking their money back or standing, and that the whole house stood during the entire performance—nearly three hours. The little maid told me that Miss Bates had two full sets of costumes, due to the fact that she played during the hot St. Louis Summer, and after a matinee even the heavy Japanese robes would be damp with perspiration. She confided to me that she didn't like Miss Blanche half so well in Japanese plays as in "Under Two Flags." "I like her to look like herself," she said.

I roamed around and saw the head on which the wig is dressed and learned how the eyebrows were made with paint on flesh colored court plaster and then pasted on. I read Miss Bates' mottoes:

"For today:

"That I may not be a coward.

"That I may bring to the day's efforts good humor and a cheerful regard for all with whom I may come in contact.



BLANCHE BATES

Halftone plate engraved by Charles Ricker



LOUISE CLOSSER

"That I may not judge others hastily or with bitterness."

And then she, would come into the room and my constraint would come back to me, and I would crawl further back in the huge chair and relapse into silence. At last Miss Bates turned on me and said: "I know you—you are getting an impressionistic interview, and I'll doubtless turn out as a purple cow or

something equally grotesque." Here's the result—what is it?

✱

XXII

LOUISE CLOSSER

SUPPOSE you had met in your course of interviewing actresses one whose vivacity and conversational charm defied

the definiteness of being put on paper, what would you do? If anything could have availed, how I wish it had been known to me before I started this sketch of Louise Closser!

I have seen her play but two parts—Prossy in Shaw's "Candida" and Sylvia in "Abigail," and the memory of her "I'm a beer tetotaller—not a champagne tetotaller: I don't like beer" brings a smile, deepened when I think of how she said in "Abigail"—"She's my friend—I can say what I like about her!"

It was this latest impersonation of Sylvia which she brought to my mind by saying:

"Do you remember the situation in 'Abigail' when that Puritan is confronted by the breezy westerner Sylvia and the dialogue is—

"Sylvia: 'Religious?'

"Abigail: 'I'm from Massachusetts.'

"Sylvia: 'Oh I'm from Indiana!'

"That was my first attempt at collaboration, and I consider it eminently successful. The playwright had made Sylvia from Texas, but I persuaded him to change it so I need not learn a new dialect.

"I never dreamed that a person existed who didn't know what a Hoosier was, but here's the story. We were playing in a small town in Connecticut, and, having inquired whether there was a manicurist or chirpodist in the place, I was told that there were both, and that one of them was from my native state. I promptly forgot which one had that distinction, and when the manicurist arrived I turned to her and said: 'I hear that you're a Hoosier!' 'Yes,' she replied, haltingly, 'and—and facial massage.'

"I began as a student in a Boston dramatic school. My family believed my aspirations to reach no higher than to teach elocution, but I knew where Louise Closser intended to go, and one day I started out quietly for New York.

I told no one, and to brace me up I took Beaconsfield's lofty motto—'The secret of success is constancy of purpose.' I said it over and over until even the wheels of the train seemed to come in on the refrain. When I reached New York, I went straight to Mr. Charles Frohman's office and I said to the office boy: 'Is Mr. Frohman in?'

"No," said he. I sat down to wait, and said I to myself, 'The secret of success is constancy of purpose.' One hour passed, two hours, and 'the secret of success' seemed to include other things than constancy. I inquired of the boy when Mr. Frohman was likely to return.

"In three months. He has gone to Europe.'

"I told this tale to Arnold Daly when I played in 'Candida' with him.

"Yes," said Mr. Daly, 'I know that story. I was the office boy!'

"The beginnings of 'Candida' have been quite thoroughly aired, but there's one thing about it which amused me. I played Prossy the typist, and some of the reviewers scored the way I handled my machine—so impossible to write that way, etc. As a matter of fact, it was my own machine, and I used to write notes on it and hand them to the persons playing with me! Being dark eyed and black haired, my first parts were those of adventuresses; but as there's a fashion in such ladies, the present rage for blondes now keeps me out of such work. In some stray newspaper which was reviewing my work, I found a paragraph which shall be my epitaph: 'She got good press notices from the first.'"

In private life Miss Closser is Mrs. Walter Hale, and her husband came in to get her to go for a ride in their new automobile, "Buster." They intend touring through Italy, following routes laid down for a series of articles to appear in Harper's Magazine, for Mr. Hale is an artist as well as an actor.

"Mr. Hale and I were going over our

Italian tour this morning and wondering what we should say if we were unfortunate enough to run over an Italian youngster. I decided on, 'O, la la!' and Mr. Hale is limited to, 'What a pity!'"

I went down with them to look at "positively the only make," and as they started off Miss Closser called out: "It's name is 'Buster' because if we don't bust it, it will us!" and away they went.

THE "SNOW BABY" IN HER ARCTIC DRESS



MARIE AHNIGHTO PEARY, DAUGHTER OF THE POLAR EXPLORER:
THE FRONTISPIECE PORTRAIT IN "CHILDREN OF THE ARCTIC"

The Home

JULY WORK AMONG THE FLOWERS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

THE fight with weeds and bugs will go steadily on, and probably fighting a drouth will be added to the other work. If such is the case, remember that stirring the soil is almost as much help to the plants as giving water, and that a mulch of grass, moss, or other light stuff goes far toward keeping the

soil moist, by keeping it cool and preventing evaporation.

—
There are times, in some places, when water is a scarce article, and in such cases the housewife should save the water used during the day for washing dishes and vegetables, clothes or floors



A COSY PORCH: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MRS. LEIGH GROSS DAY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

and other household purposes. It is just as good as clean water, (better if it is soapy) and having stood exposed to the air is warmer and better for the plants than that drawn from well or cistern and used while cold.

If there is enough water for but one bed, give that one a thorough soaking and let the rest wait until another time. When the soil is wet to a good depth the roots work downward to get the last drop of moisture and such deep-reaching

roots can sustain a plant much better and longer in succeeding "dry spells" than those induced by shallow watering to grow near the surface, where even a few hot, dry days affects them.

Evening is the best time for watering, as evaporation is much less rapid during the night, and the plants have a chance to absorb the moisture given before the sun robs them of it. Pansy seeds sown this month will produce strong plants that will bear the finest of blooms during the Fall until Jack Frost nips



IN THE ORCHARD: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MRS. LEIGH GROSS DAY



THE STEPPING-STONES: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MRS. LEIGH GROSS DAY

them. If some are transplanted into shallow boxes, they may be grown in the house if kept in a room where the temperature is but little above freezing point, and will produce very fine blossoms.

Seeds of perennial phlox, picotee and dianthus pinks, hollyhocks and other hardy plants should be sown during this month in order to give the seedling plants time to attain a stage of growth where they can successfully withstand the Winter and be ready for vigorous growth and free blooming next year.

Cuttings from geraniums and other plants should be rooted this month. I know that many people say August is the right month for this work, but, after repeated experiments, I am convinced that those rooted in July are more than a month ahead in their development, and that month means just the difference between having the plants blooming before or after the holidays.

If buds form on the cuttings while rooting, as they are apt to do, pinch them off. Never let a bud develop until the plants are perfectly rooted and making a sturdy growth, for the development of the bud takes vitality that the plant



PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MISS B. H. MCCREERY, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

His Hobby

So now you see me demonstrate

What others often think:

"You can lead a horse to water,

But you cannot make him drink."

needs in other ways, and the only blossoms — which these first ones rarely are. Vines and tall plants that

are growing rapidly should be watched closely and kept well trained and tied, lest a strong wind do more damage than can be repaired during

the rest of the season. Do not neglect the garden now and make the work done earlier in the season count for naught.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

TO PREPARE LIME WATER

By HENRIETTA TOZIER TOTMAN
Bar Mills, Maine

A recognized authority gives the following wholly reliable formula: To two quarts of water add one-half pint of clean, unslacked lime, then stir thoroughly until it looks like milk, after which allow it to stand till it becomes quite clear. Pour off the first water, which will contain many impurities, and fill dish with water again, stirring thoroughly again as before. Let it stand once more until perfectly clear. When all the lime has settled pour off the clear liquid into a stoppered bottle, being careful not to disturb the lime at the bottom of the pitcher and stopping if it becomes the least cloudy. The first water which was rejected is useful for rinsing vessels which are liable to become sour or musty, such as jars, milk pans, pitchers, tea and coffee pots, etc. The uses of lime water as a remedial agency are varied. In the care of the teeth it is invaluable, being used as a mouth wash after eating, especially when acid fruit or lemonade has been indulged in. A teaspoonful taken in a little water will often relieve indigestion, while that amount added to a tumbler of milk given a child will aid in preventing the formation of tough curds. A derangement of the stomach or bowels of children may be counteracted in many cases by repeated doses of the lime water in a little milk or water.

TO DRY PUMPKINS

By NORMA BETTS
Wallace, Nova Scotia

Take ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander as if for making pies; shred this pulp on plates in layers about one-half inch thick; dry in an oven at a temperature sufficiently low as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stored away in dry places and are always ready for use for stewing or making pies.

TO MAKE SOOTY WATER CLEAR

By MRS. D. T. WILSON
Deer Creek, Illinois

Place a boiler full of the water over the range to heat. While still cold beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and stir into the water. As it heats, the froth will rise in a scum bringing soot with it, and you will find the water suitable for the most delicate washing. Should your boiler be very large you will need the whites of two eggs.

GRAPE JUICE

By MRS. C. E. W.
Danvers, Massachusetts

To each quart of grapes add a pint of cold water. Simmer until the seeds will separate easily from the pulp. Drain through a bag of cheesecloth for twenty-four hours. To this juice add two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar for each quart of grapes as first measured. Let it come to the boiling point, or until you can see the liquor move. Put while hot into bottles or quart glass jars and seal air tight. To make bottles air tight, brush over the corks (which have been cut off square) with melted paraffine.

TO HEM-STITCH ON A SEWING MACHINE

By MRS. N. C. JENSEN
Commonwealth, Wisconsin

Draw threads from the cloth to be hemstitched and baste the edge of the hem in the center of drawn threads. Then loosen the tension of machine and stitch very close to the edge of hem. Remove bastings and pull hem down to edge of drawn threads.

THREE GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By W. UNDERWOOD
Hazelton, Pennsylvania

A loosened knife handle can be satisfactorily mended by filling the cavity in the handle two-thirds full of rosin and brick dust. Heat the shank of the knife and while very hot press it into the handle, holding it in place until firmly set.

If the cover of a fruit jar sticks do not attempt to wrench it off: simply invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a minute. Then try it and you will find it turns easily.

When a broom becomes shorter on one side and sharp as needles, dip it into hot water, trim it evenly with the shears and you will have a broom nearly as good as new.

MAKING MUSTARD PLASTERS

By MRS. W. ROBINSON
Lapeer, Michigan

In making mustard plasters use lard to mix it with instead of the whites of eggs, and it will not blister, as mustard plasters usually do. Use just enough lard to make it spread easily. Then spread thin on brown paper, paper is preferable to cloth.



THE COUSINS: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY CHICKERING, BOSTON

THE DIVISION CLUB

By GRACE BLAINE HANGER

Chicago, Illinois

Four married couples, neighbors in a suburban village, tried several evenings at whist, but a whole evening proved a trifle wearisome for the women and occasionally, during the last of the playing, bits of household gossip would distract attention. It was finally suggested to try a plan which brought about the club name.

Now when they meet, from eight until about ten o'clock the four men have a serious bout at whist, such as men love, while in another room the four women visit, sometimes with needlework accompaniment.

At ten or a little later they have light refreshments and afterward two tables at whist, euchre or high five, just to keep in practice.

This has proven very enjoyable to them and may prove the same to others who play cards but do not care to toil through a whole evening.

A LAMP WICK HINT

By ZALIA A. MORLEY

Ashville, New York

If a lamp wick does not move easily in the holder draw out one or two threads from the side.

CURES FOR CROUP

I.

By E. PARR

Rock Springs, Wyoming

When the baby wakes me with a cough on his chest I simply rub my hands together until they are in a glow and slip one hand up to his chest (under the clothes) and if possible place the other between his shoulders. It never fails to relieve and stop the cough in a short time, and baby and I can sleep in peace.

II.

By MRS. E. C. H.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Instant relief for croup: Grate one teaspoonful (or use the fine pulverized) alum, mix with twice the amount of sugar. If the relief is not permanent repeat one-half dose every half hour.

TO CLEAN MOTHER-OF-PEARL

By MAMIE BOGGS

Long Beach, Mississippi

Mother-of-pearl articles should be cleaned with whiting and cold water. Soap discolors them.

WHEN MIXING CAKE

By MRS. A. M. CONNELLY
Asheville, New York

A simple method that has saved me much time and strength is that of using a common wooden potato masher to cream butter and sugar for cake or other mixtures. I warm the mixing bowl on the range, then mash the butter and sugar as I would potatoes. It very quickly becomes a creamy mass.

FRUIT PUDDING

By MISS. R. M. KINGSTON
Manager Jell-O Exhibit, Lewis and Clarke Exposition,
Portland, Oregon

Line a mould one or one and one-half inches thick with ice cream made from strawberry Jell-O ice cream powder frozen as per direction on package. Fill the center with fresh strawberries or any fruit desired. Cover the top with ice cream. Pack for two hours. The fruit may be mixed with whipped cream when it is put into the mould and whipped cream may be served as a sauce with this cream. Garnish mould with strawberries.

MEND THE BROKEN DISHES

By MRS. A. T. S.
Raymond, New Hampshire

Unless the dish is badly shattered it may easily be mended with Russia cement. As soon as possible after the break, apply a thin, even covering of Russia cement to edges of fracture. Press pieces firmly together and bind or hold in place for a few moments.

BUFFALO BUGS vs. BOTTLES

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD
Girard, Pennsylvania

One of the most helpful "helps" I ever have found is the knowledge that buffalo-bugs, or other moths, will not climb over glass. Having some carpets to store away and fearing dampness if the boxes rested on the floor, I placed a glass bottle (laid on the side) under each corner, thereby raising them just high enough to permit free circulation of air beneath. The carpets were mainly red, as to color, and entirely wool as to texture. The house had stood, furnished and closed, until the buffalo-bugs had become a dreaded pest; but not one was found in those boxes of carpets. After more extended experiments, during a period of three years, every box and packing trunk in the house stands on glass feet and I am willing to assert that the contents of boxes so guarded is safe from moths of all kinds — unless they were in the goods before packed. Boxes may be piled one above another, with bottles on the floor, only, but all must stand free from the wall, to prevent insects from crawling up the wall and onto the boxes.

BUTTONHOLES THAT LAST

By A. M. B.
Fulton, New York

In making buttonholes in children's underclothes, after getting the hole ready to be worked, place a cord (I use fine binding twine) around the hole with the loop part at the front (where the wear of the button comes) and work over it; the buttonholes will then outwear the garment.

COMFORTABLE SHOES

By MRS. C. S. F.
St. Louis, Missouri

For two years I suffered for the want of a comfortable walking shoe. Finally I secured a pair of unlined, flexible sole, seamless shoes advertised by the Eastern Shoe Company in the columns of your magazine. I found perfect comfort from the first day and a treasure in the long walks all through the months of the World's Fair.

PREVENTS RUST

By LEONE SCOTT
Springfield, Missouri

A small piece of charcoal placed in the box where cutlery is kept will prevent rust.

BRIGHTENS THE LAMP FLAME

By JOSEPHINE FLANDERS
Clear Lake, South Dakota

A lump of salt in the bowl of a kerosene lamp will make it burn brighter.

HINTS FOR THE LAUNDRY

By M. D. C.
Chehalis, Washington

If those who use kerosene in washing will follow this method they will avoid the trouble of boiling together the soap, oil and water before commencing the wash each week and also the slight odor of kerosene which sometimes clings to the clothes.

Cut up two bars of soap in an old pan or kettle, add three or four quarts of warm water and set on the back of the stove until the soap is dissolved, then pour into it, stirring well, a tea cup of kerosene, replace on the stove and let come to a good boil; watch it or it will run over. When it has boiled set it off to cool, then on wash day put it into the boiler when you put on your clothes to boil. I put mine dry into cold water, add soap, let come to a boil, take out and suds and rinse, seldom using the board on white clothes. Soap prepared this way will do three or four big washings.

If blankets are to be washed add a tablespoon full of powdered borax, dissolved in a little hot water, to the melted soap and proceed as usual.

Rub cream, sour is best, well into grass stains before putting the garment into the wash. The stain will disappear in the laundering.

Alcohol will remove grass stains from unwashable fabrics, if used before the stain is dried in.

Gasolene is much better than coal oil for removing pitch from garments.

A few drops of turpentine added to the starch when making will prevent its sticking to the irons. I find it much better than anything else I have tried.

Clean the rollers of your wringer with a cloth dampened with ammonia. Coal oil is also good.

Rub your enameled bath tub and sink with a cloth dampened in turpentine to remove stains. For zinc or galvanized iron tubs use coal oil.

FOR A SEVERE SPRAIN

By MRS. S. M. ESHELMAN
Egin, Illinois

Take the white of an egg and a tablespoonful each of vinegar and spirits of turpentine. Put all in a bottle, shake it thoroughly, then bathe the sprain often, beginning as soon as possible after the accident.

PARING PEACHES

By MRS. C. J. GREER
Dundee, Oregon

Before paring peaches dip them a minute or two in boiling water. This loosens the skin so it will slip off easily. You will be surprised to know how much time is saved in paring, how smooth the peaches will look and how many more cans you will have from the same number of peaches than if pared in the old wasteful way.

CHICKEN POT PIE

By MARY E. SAYRE
Stuart, Iowa

In making chicken pot pie, I place a small funnel in the bottom of the kettle, arranging the chicken and dumplings around it. This prevents sticking and burning as the water boils up through the funnel and pours over the contents of the kettle. It saves the hard "burned-on" kettle to wash and the dumplings are as light as a feather.

WASHING LAMP CHIMNEYS

By MRS. A. P. SMITH
Waterloo, Iowa

Wash lamp chimneys in good hot suds, drain a little and dry with a clean cloth. You will find if you do not rinse them they will have a much finer polish.

FAT APPLE PIES

By MRS. FLORENCE A. DARLING
Canandaigua, New York

In making the much-liked "fat" apple pie, considerable difficulty is generally experienced in keeping the juice from boiling out in the oven. I find that the best way is to cut the crusts, upper and under, slightly wider than the pie tin. Then roll the under crust over the upper and press down with a fork all around. Brush the roll over with the white of an egg. A paper funnel about three inches long, fastened with a pin and inserted in the middle of the pie also prevents the juice from boiling out, as it allows a place for it to boil up in.

DRESSING A CHICKEN

By MRS. R. B. N.
Blencoe, Iowa

A method I much prefer to my old way of "dry" dressing on a paper: Fill a dish-pan half full or so of water, put the singed chicken in it, take a sharp knife and do the work quickly and neatly. When through there will be no slime or blood on hands or chicken. Both are comparatively clean.

BAKED APPLE DESSERT

By K. G. S.
Saegertown, Pennsylvania

Select as many smooth, tart apples as are required. Wash and remove core. Fill the hole thus made with sugar and a little cinnamon. Place in the oven and bake until a nice brown. Have ready some whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla; lift the apples out in dishes and pour the whipped cream upon them. Northern Spy apples are very good for this purpose.

A BEAN IN BABY'S NOSE

By MRS. A. WIDMER
Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to tell the National of a little help given me, by an old friend, when my babies were very small. One of them had placed a bean far up in her nose, (and what mother has not had the same experience, with either beans, buttons or some other small object?) I was told to place my mouth close over the child's, excluding all air, and blow my breath as hard as possible, thus forcing the object, though tightly lodged, out of the child's nose. I have tried it many times, both with my own and other children and it has always been successful.

ORANGE MARMALADE

By SUSAN HUMES STURTEVANT
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Take three large fresh lemons and six large oranges. With a sharp knife shred very thin (do not chop) and place all together in an earthen or granite dish, with two quarts of cold water. Let stand in a cool place thirty-six hours, and then put over the fire and boil gently two hours, tightly covered. At the end of two hours add four pounds granulated sugar and simmer one-half hour, stirring and watching closely to prevent scorching.

AN ECONOMY

By MRS. A. W. HUEN
Gardi, Georgia

When cooking fruit, if sugar is added afterward less will be required.

WHEN BAKING LAYER CAKE

By MRS. M. M. BUCKNER
Fairfax, South Carolina

When baking layer cake, instead of putting thin paper in the tins and tearing the cakes in getting it off; or using a knife and breaking the cakes in getting them out, try turning them upside down on a sheet of buttered paper with a damp cloth laid over the hot tins. The cakes will come out whole without the least trouble.

HOME FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

By MRS. L. D. E.
Bayonne, New Jersey

Many women live in constant dread of fire, and at the first sign of one they either collapse or rush out doors, letting the blaze get a good headway. A reliable fire extinguisher may be made with very little trouble as follows: Put three pounds of salt in a gallon of water and add to this one and a half pounds of sal ammoniac. Bottle this liquid, keep in various places about the house, and when a blaze is discovered it may be quickly extinguished.

COOKING PRUNES

By MRS. T. J. BOLT
Sciola, Iowa

Do not boil prunes furiously for an hour and call them done. Allow them to boil slowly for two or three hours, adding a little sugar half an hour before taking from the fire. Prunes are the most healthful of fruits when properly cooked.

NOTE and COMMENT

By Frank Putnam

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, pressing a button in Washington, formally opened the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland, Oregon, on June 1. This is reported to be the most beautiful exposition that has yet been held in America, with the possible exception of the Columbian world's fair at Chicago, and Oregon folk do not admit even this exception. Philadelphia's Centennial offered as a bye attraction glimpses of historic ground and buildings; Chicago's fair was set like a brilliant jewel on the bosom of Lake Michigan; Nashville and Atlanta offered the rich and charming hospitality of the old South, while informing the world with respect to the enormous industrial advancement of the new South; St. Louis, lacking conspicuous natural beauties, created scenic effects widely different from and grander than any seen elsewhere; Buffalo's little gem of an exposition won the eye by day with its warm-toned Latin architecture, and by night with its amazing electrical display. At Portland, for the first time, a world's fair landscape will include a view of snow-clad mountains, and the largest ocean steamers will discharge freight and passengers at the wharves of the exposition.

The managers of the Portland fair have seemed not to desire or to expect many visitors from east of the Rockies: the attraction has been advertised in this section mainly by the railroads, which are offering very favorable rates; for example, the Milwaukee & St. Paul will carry you from Chicago to the coast and back for fifty-five dollars, and the continental systems controlled by Messrs. Hill, Harriman, Shaughnessy and Sir Charles Rivers Wilson quote equally generous prices. It is apparent thus early that there will be a larger attendance from the East than the managers of the show anticipate. And it may safely be predicted that those who take the trip for the first time will return home with a vastly enlarged conception of the magnitude and power of their country, to say nothing of their unforgettable impressions of the vast plains and mountain ranges they must traverse to reach Portland. No other journey within the borders of the United States or Canada is richer in educational value.

The Northwest coast country is to develop a great city—whether it be Seattle, Portland, Victoria or Tacoma does not yet appear with certainty. But Portland, in creating this first world's exposition ever held on the eastern shore of the Pacific, has made a mighty bid for primacy among our northwestern coast cities. Seattle will have to step lively if she is to remain in the race for first place.

The projectors of the Portland exposition appear to have been more interested in winning the favorable attention of Asiatic buyers of the native products of the Northwest, than in attracting capital from the eastern portion of this country. Japan and China are constantly increasing their purchases of foodstuffs and other products of the Oregon country, and the principal effort of the exposition makers has been to broaden and extend these markets. Several of the European nations, alert to

the opportunity offered them to gain larger shares of the Asiatic trade, have installed handsome exhibits, and most of the states and territories are creditably represented by displays of their products for which a market is desired in the Far East.

Now that Russia's last fighting fleet of any importance has been destroyed by Admiral Togo's brave gunners, the end of the war is plainly in sight. The results of the war are not so easily discernable. Yet it may be assumed that Japan, whether she does or does not get a big money indemnity, will retain possession of Korea and Port Arthur, that Manchuria will pass back into at least nominal control by China, and that the principal ports of the eastern coast of the Pacific will speedily be holding open doors for the trade of the world. Under the inspiration of Japan's leadership—and it would be idle now to dispute the probability that henceforward Japan will lead in shaping all Asiatic policies—China will doubtless open ports that have hitherto been closed to foreign trade, offering vast new markets for our foodstuffs, our manufactures and our ideas.

Whether in the more remote future—say thirty or forty years hence—we shall see China showing the door to those official representatives of Germany and France who have by force of arms made foreign soil of large tracts of the ancient empire, remains to be revealed. I think this will come to pass. And I hope that it will. European nations have no moral right, and only the most shadowy legal right, to sieze and hold Chinese territory: certainly they would admit no such rights on the part of the Chinese or the Japanese should the latter attempt to sieze and colonize parts of Germany and France.

The policy of the United States toward Japan and China has been fair and just. We could not admit unlimited millions of China's coolie laborers to compete on equal terms with our own sons, for obvious reasons. But we could treat China, and have so treated her, with courtesy and honesty in all our national transactions with her.

I predict that the time is not far distant when the Asiatics will control all of northern and central Asia, just as the Europeans control all Europe, and as Americans, under the republican form of civil government, will certainly control all of both the Americas.

While these things are working out, our national policy will continue to be that which, in the judgment of our administrators, will best help American farmers and manufacturers to market their products in the countries across the Pacific. And in this undertaking, the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition will be a useful factor.

CHICAGO needs a compulsory arbitration law. The rest of the state, including Joe Leiter's Zeigler coal mines, could also use it occasionally to good advantage. Sixty days of civil war—business gone to the dogs—scores of lives lost—rage eating like a cancer in tens of thousands of embattled breasts—bills to be paid for thousands of extra policemen and deputy sheriffs—all this, the fine fruitage of the teamsters' strike and their employers' obstinacy in refusing impartial arbitration of the issues, may perhaps have shown thoughtful Chicagoans what it means NOT to have a compulsory arbitration law. Teamsters and employers may prefer to "fight it out"—but the general public, paying the bills and suffering most of the losses, is entitled to peace and order, which apparently it can get in no other way.